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REVIEWS

Twelve Years' Wanderings in the British Colonies. From 1835 to 1847. By J. C. Byrne. 2 vols. Bentley.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Byrne appears to have a general acquaintance with the colonial dependencies of Great Britain, and has given a title to his book wide enough to embrace them all, his pages are almost exclusively devoted to the principal settlements in the South Seas,—New Zealand, New South Wales, Australia Felix, South Australia and Van Diemen's Land. He does not distinctly state the particular objects that during a course of twelve years led him from one to the other of these territories; but it would almost appear, from the general tone of his writing, that he had made experiments at settlement in all. Be that as it may, he seems to have spent sufficient time in each to acquire some sort of personal identification with its local interests; for he exhibits all the warmth of partisanship in discussing questions of their internal polity and smaller social arrangements. Yet, for a traveller, and considering too the extent of his volumes—comprising upwards of eight hundred closely filled pages—he is singularly moderate in the amount which he furnishes of personal narrative. His work is principally devoted to views of the condition and prospects of the various settlements, elucidated by copious statistical statements,—to remarks upon the system of colonization hitherto pursued by Great Britain,—and to practical advice for the governance of those who contemplate leaving their fatherland for new scenes of industry. His opportunities for observation having been extensive and his information got together with care, the volumes, even without the aid of exciting adventure or vivid description such as we look for usually in books of new-world travels, are of deeper interest than most of their class. They contain little that is absolutely new; but, viewed in conjunction many settlements which we have usually found treated of separately, and which have been founded on various experimental plans, they present a sad record of mistakes and mismanagement on the part of both home and local governments, and of the evils resulting to individuals from self-expatriation undertaken without the necessary care to be duly certified as to the field for profitable exertion and the emigrant's own fitness for labouring therein.

Mathematically true as undoubtedly it is that the world is large enough for us all, we have not yet solved the social problem of finding for each man elbow-room. Though the discovery of vast, fertile, and almost uninhabited continents, and of means for facilitating transport thither, seem at first to furnish a key to this difficulty, we have had proof lately how much too actively population may press upon the means of subsistence, even in these new and apparently inexhaustible regions. There, as in old countries, labour in all its departments must be in due ratio to demand; and if it accumulate much beyond that, the same ill consequences will occur in the boundless valleys and savannahs of the west and south as in our crowded manufacturing districts. It is seldom that the emigrant gives due attention to this. Even among those of the educated classes who leave the land of their birth to seek fortune on new shores, there are few who have other than the very vaguest notions as to the real nature of the requirements of the young colony to which they are hastening. They cannot, therefore, correctly estimate the chances of finding

a place open which they are adapted to fill. Newspaper accounts are an unsafe guide; for, not to refer to the false statements constantly put into circulation by interested parties, the demand for any particular species of labour made public through those channels leads almost surely to an over supply—and consequent disappointment to some of those who speculate on it. The fluctuations of the labour market are even greater in new colonies than at home. In the year 1840, the demand in the Australian settlements for mechanics in all departments of trade greatly exceeded the supply; and journeymen carpenters, joiners, and masons were receiving wages of ten, twelve, sixteen, even twenty shillings per day. Of course this was soon known in England,—and equally of course the temptation drew multitudes of the required craftsmen to the fortunate land. The proportions of supply to demand were reversed; and in 1843, hundreds of these men were at work upon the streets of Sydney and Melbourne at one shilling per day wages. This is fresh in the remembrance of all.

The question of emigration, then, should be viewed with the utmost caution. The intending emigrant should consider not only whether the particular kind of skill which he proposes to import into a colony is, abstractedly, such as will be useful there,—but what probability there may be of competition bringing down its market value. There are some employments in most new countries that are not readily overstocked,—there are others that are almost certain to be so. In the Australian settlements, herding cattle and managing sheep are likely for years to engage all the hands that can be found for the purpose; since the increase of flocks and herds is extremely rapid, and the wilds adapted for their pasturage are boundless. With town occupations, the case is different. On this subject, we quote a passage from our author.—

"Clerks, or men who have received a middling education, and have been employed in the counting-houses of merchants or shop-keepers at home, are very much too apt to surrender the comforts and advantages they enjoy, to take the chance of high salaries, and what is sanguinely thought, certain success, in the colonies. As a general rule, clerks, with the sober, steady, matter-of-fact ideas they imbibe at the desk, are not a class of men at all suited, either to advance themselves, or promote the interests of new colonies. Besides, the demand for their services is always so much less than the supply is capable of meeting, that the rate of remuneration is always low when employment can be obtained. The principal reason that renders employment for men of education, as assistants or clerks, so limited, admits of easy explanation. There does not exist in any colony those extensive mercantile concerns, manufacturing establishments or large shops that require such numerous assistants as at home. A merchant or a shop-keeper in a colony is generally able to transact his own business, or find within his immediate family the means of doing so, as far as accounts are concerned; and if he should require assistants, he is but too likely to seek them amongst those born in the colony, or from those who have resided in it some time, as from local knowledge they are much more likely to suit him. In all old communities where aggregate wealth is considerable, the professional or educated man or clerk without capital is likely to find a market and demand for what is to him his capital, viz.: his profession or education; but in a new colony there is but little chance for him. Professional men, no doubt, in some instances, succeed extremely well in the colonies; but these form the exception, and not the rule; connexion, capital, great talents and enterprising character, may raise them to comparative wealth and respectability, but the field is limited, competition extreme. * * * Tradesmen and mechanics are not unfrequently much astray in choosing a country to settle in, or in fact in emigrating

at all. The demand for them in the colonies or new countries, such as the backwoods of Canada or the Western States, is always limited; in fact, many trades are not at all required amongst newly formed communities. Those principally in requisition are, carpenters, joiners, wheelwrights, masons, bricklayers, blacksmiths, shoemakers and tailors. Yet shoemakers and tailors have always to compete with imported slop goods, which much lessens the demand for their services. Compositors, upholsterers, painters, glaziers, engineers, coopers, cabinet-makers, plasterers, millers, cutlers, and numerous other trades, gradually follow in the steps of the first-named. They are only wanted where collective communities are formed: a plasterer, upholsterer or painter's services are not required very often in a log hut or bush wooden-house. Tradesmen possess facilities of emigration that are entirely out of the reach of the labouring classes, and are consequently too often to be found in the colonies in disproportion to the wants of the community."

In his last chapter—'Remarks upon Emigration'—Mr. Byrne reviews the various systems of colonization which have been tried, and offers suggestions for what he regards as a more wise and efficient plan. Some of these have been anticipated in the Emigration Bill of the Canadian legislature, lately considered in the British Parliament, and others relate to arrangements which are already in process of experiment by the New Zealand Company. A check will be doubtless found for the wholesale system of transportation which has been practised by some Irish landlords on their tenantry; and the attention of Government is called to the necessity of providing proper medical superintendence on board the vessels intrusted with the lives of pauper emigrants. It is to be hoped that no more cases will have to be recorded like the following.—

"In the May of 1847, the author had occasion to proceed on business to Cork, and there met with the captain of a ship whom he had known well abroad. This person had been to sea for many years as a Commander, and the ship of which he was Captain was then lying at Cove, taking in emigrants. She was an old Liverpool vessel of about six hundred tons' measurement, and for the last two or three years had been employed in the Quebec timber trade, being too leaky for any other. She had been chartered by the agent of a large landholder in the south of Ireland, to take out a number of the tenantry, of whom he was anxious to get rid. She was to have five hundred pounds for the trip out, the landlord putting on board the necessary provisions, and sending out a person in her to distribute them. This sum included the expense of laying a temporary false deck, and fitting up berths; the ship having no deck but her upper one. For this amount, there was put on board the utmost number of emigrants the law allows, which, including children, amounted to about five hundred souls, and with this human freight she sailed for her destination—Quebec, without even the services of a surgeon being provided for the unfortunate wretches. The result may be readily foreseen: before she had been out a week from her port of departure, in the close, crowded, and poisonous atmosphere of the dark hold, fever was engendered and disseminated, and for the five remaining weeks, till she entered the St. Lawrence and landed her sick at Gros Island, not a day passed that many were not consigned to a watery grave. All the exertions of Captain and crew were unavailing to stay the pestilence; the closeness of the berths, the open planking of the temporary deck—between the wide joints of which, all kinds of matter collected—bade defiance to their efforts, to which some even fell victims, and death did its fatal work rapidly. Either at sea, or after they had been landed at the Quarantine Station, rather more than one-third of the passengers died, and the greater part of the remainder were so enfeebled by long sickness and impure air, as to leave small hopes of their surviving the severe winter of Canada; more especially as few had the means of providing themselves during that time with even the necessities of life. * * * If another and yet more

appalling example of the present mode in which emigration is conducted were required, it is to be found in the case of the *Avon*, which was brought into Miramichi in a disabled state—indeed, little better than a wreck. This unfortunate vessel was not only badly ventilated, but it was without a surgeon. From the first she had met with bad weather, which aggravated all her disadvantages, and so injured the ship, as to cause her to proceed but slowly towards her destination. Fever broke out and spread with fearful rapidity; to follow or trace it in its course would be needless; first the passengers and then the crew died away, till there were not enough left to aid the sick and bury the dead. And then, from a passenger emigrant vessel, she became a demon ship; the frenzy of worse than maniacs descended on her unhappy people; and the living refused to part with the dead, and either clasped the putrefying corpses in their arms, or sewing them up in beds and inclosing them in boxes, insisted on retaining them. The food of the living was no longer cooked, but devoured raw, and the Captain and crew were refused admission to the hold. And then such a scene ensued as the most fearful pictures of God's vengeance, exemplified in the plague in days long gone by, could scarcely parallel. Driven to desperation, the Captain and those that remained of his crew, by force of arms, fought their way to the hold and dispossessed the living of the dead. * * Yet, still did the angel of death hover around the devoted ship. The emigrants still continued to die, and one by one the sailors passed away, till none were left to work the ship. The Captain, one of his officers, and two or three others attached to the vessel, alone remained to do duty; even these were fast sinking. * * At length the fated ship reached the shores of America, and with some difficulty obtained the aid of a steamer which towed her into her destined port; but more than one-half her human freight had perished, and many, very many more would shortly follow their comrades.

The portion of the book devoted to New Zealand is short and unsatisfactory. That upon the penal settlements of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land does but repeat, with fresh details—and, we would fain persuade ourselves, some exaggeration—pictures that have been frequently drawn already of the fermentation of vice and crime in those receptacles for the drainage of our social estate. The chapters containing most of novel interest are those devoted to the southern settlements of the great island-continent—Australia Felix and Southern and Western Australia. Here the progress of colonization has been so rapid, whilst it has at the same time scarcely kept pace with the development of mineral wealth, that each new account at once supersedes what has been before written and supplies fresh materials of hope for the colonies themselves and the mother-country which affiliates them. A full and statistical account of the condition and prospects of the mines up to a late period is contained in these volumes. Of the one in working which the greatest progress has as yet been made, the Burra-Burra, about one hundred miles from Adelaide, we have in these columns, from time to time, furnished our readers with various particulars of interest;—and will add a few statistics from the volume before us.—

"The huge cargoes which have been shipped, the piles of ore we had seen at the port, the hundreds of draught oxen and laden drays we met in their progress to the wharf, the thousands of tons of ore around the workings and near the intended smelting-house, their daily accumulations, and the reports of credible, unbiassed witnesses, had prepared us to expect much; but before we had passed through a single gallery, as the larger horizontal diverges or levels are very properly called, we saw enough to convince us we had commenced the examination of a mine incomparably richer and more productive than any mine of any kind we had ever seen in the United Kingdom. * * The present openings or workings consist of twenty mine shafts or winzes, the deepest being one hundred and forty-four feet (at

which depth a lode of very rich ore has recently been cut), and they amount in the aggregate to 1,860 feet in depth; also seventy galleries or levels, the united lengths of which measure 7,292 feet, or rather more than one mile and a half. * * The directors estimate the total quantity of ores raised in the twelve months ending on the 20th ult., was 7,900 tons; but as in calculating the small ores retained for smelting at the mine at 1,462 tons, they were greatly below the mark, and have been raising largely ever since, the entire quantity produced within thirteen months may safely be set down at 10,000 tons. The prices obtained in the sales of Burra-Burra ores at Swansea already show an average of something more than 23*l.* 16*s.* per ton; so that even deducting 8*l.* 16*s.* per ton for carriage, freight, and charges, the mine may be said to have yielded value equal to at least 150,000*l.* estimated upon the ground (or 'at grass,' as miners would say); and all this within the short space of thirteen months from the commencement. Nor is this large amount likely to be a maximum, for the malachite, red oxide, and other rich kinds of ore, have become predominant; and as the mine is undoubtedly equal to the production of 300 tons or more per week of ores likely to yield a much higher average than heretofore, it is not difficult to foresee the immensity of future returns. The great importance of the operations at this mine, as beneficially affecting the trade and commerce of South Australia may be judged of from the facts, that the sums already distributed in thirteen months by this one concern, amongst our industrious settlers for carriage alone, must have exceeded 10,000*l.*; those expended in wages and the various items of disbursement, 20,000*l.*; and the British or Colonial freights, which cannot be less than 15,000*l.*"

We have stated that the volumes contain but little narrative of personal adventure,—but an overland journey from New South Wales to South Australia, undertaken by the author in 1839, shows that he is not wanting in adventurous spirit. The object was that of introducing cattle from New South Wales to meet a sudden and extensive demand which had arisen in the younger colony. The party consisted of Mr. Byrne, two friends who joined him in the speculation, and sixteen drivers. They started with 973 head of cattle, exclusive of 53 working bullocks, and had four drays and nineteen horses. The route, lying chiefly through regions to which the settlers have not yet extended, occupied five or six months; and the party were exposed on the way to formidable attacks from the aborigines,—in one of which one of Mr. Byrne's partners and two other men were killed and several were wounded. The monotony of the daily march was further interrupted by occasional straying of the cattle,—and more fearfully on one occasion by the straying of the author himself in a vain search for some missing horses. He lost his way, and spent three days alone in the bush. When the victim of excitement, thirst, and fatigue was found at last by his companions—a dog having traced him out—he was in a state of insensibility from exhaustion.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus. The Greek Text, with a Translation into English Verse. By John Conington, B.A.—*The Antigone of Sophocles in Greek and English.* By J. W. Donaldson, B.D. Parker.

THE two contending systems of translation are severally illustrated in these works. Mr. Conington believes that the true method of rendering a classical author is to give the spirit rather than the letter: Mr. Donaldson, on the contrary, believes that the translator's office is to adhere as closely as possible to the literal meaning,—and as in every translation something must be sacrificed, prefers sacrificing the charm of language rather than, in an attempt to attain that charm, losing the actual meaning of his author. It is a nice question, supported by excellent

arguments on both sides,—and ending, we believe, in a demonstration of the vanity of translation as an attempt to transmute both the beauty and meaning of a classic poet into modern language. This is the conclusion which an accomplished scholar and poet, himself a fine translator—Percy Bysshe Shelley—has recorded in that masterly fragment of prose eloquence, 'The Defence of Poetry.' "Sounds as well as thoughts," he says, "have relation both between each other and towards that which they represent, and a perception of the order of those relations has always been found connected with a perception of the order of the relations of thought. Hence the language of poets has ever affected a sort of uniform and harmonious recurrence of sound, without which it were not poetry, and which is scarcely less indispensable to the communication of its influence than the words themselves without reference to that peculiar order. Hence the vanity of translation; it were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible that you might discover the formal principle of its colour, as seek to transmute from one language into another the creations of a poet. The plant must spring again from its seed or it will bear no flower."

But if we accept this conclusion, if we say that an adequate representation of one poet in another language is impossible and that only approximate success can be attained, we are led to acknowledge the justice of the dictum which declares that the great object of the translator should be to give us the author's meaning. We are quite aware of the fact that in Art the form is inseparable from the idea,—meaning and language are indissolubly intertwined in poetry; and, therefore, a reproduction of a work of art is not accomplished by giving us simply the ideas contained in it. But we must ask ourselves this question,—what is the purpose of a translation? Is it to enrich our literature with a pleasing poem taken from other lands and other times; or, rather to enable the English reader to gain some rude notion of what Æschylus and Sophocles actually thought and produced?

Herein lies the very kernel of the dispute;—and the nut does not seem, to us, difficult to crack. The interest which we take in a Greek play must always be a critical, not an emotional, interest. It may delight us to contemplate, "as in a glass darkly," the delineation of feelings, of characters, of customs, of religious and moral ideas, all widely different from our own, and to see the perennial truth of poetry and passion gleaming beneath these antique forms; but we are not directly moved by this delineation. It does not mirror our hopes, our aspirations, our terrors, our beliefs,—it does not speak to us as soul with soul. It cannot be a new poem forming an integral part of our literature; for to become that it must have cast off its own peculiar forms,—it must become English poetry, not Greek poetry. If, therefore, we wish to understand what the Greek poetry really was, we must be content to lose a great deal of the charm which it had to Grecian ears and satisfied to learn what affected Grecian hearts, what reflected Grecian souls. We must give up the artistic for the sake of the historic interest. We must have close translations.

When translators attempt to give "the spirit of the original" they necessarily substitute their poetry for that of the author. When they merely attempt to give the meanings of the original, they may fall miserably short of the beauty of the author, but they give you at any rate a version which is of distinct utility. Close translation we accept as avowedly inferior to the original,—but as a rough sketch which does in a rude way represent the original, and does not

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represent what the translator thinks the original ought to have been.

Mr. Conington's version, though highly creditable, happens to sin in the very quality which he has endeavoured to reproduce,—that, namely, of the spirit of Æschylus. He has not made Æschylus speak like Æschylus, but like Mr. Conington. Sometimes he is much finer than his original,—and that is unfair; sometimes he is weaker than his original— weaker from surplusage and paraphrase—and that is yet more misleading. In all cases he gives us an incorrect representation of Æschylus, because instead of telling us what Æschylus actually did say he substitutes what he chooses to consider "the spirit of the original."

In the very first chorus we read

This year is the tenth since to plead their right
Gaius Priam with arms in the court of fight, &c.

This is neither poetical itself nor like the spirit of the simple words of Æschylus: it is mere paraphrase, and weak paraphrase. Again, a few lines lower down, he translates

μήγαν ἐκ θυμοῦ κλάζοντες Ἀρη,
τρόπον αἰγιπτιῶν,
οἷρ' ἱκταρίους ἀλγίστοι παῖδων

thus:—

From their soul fierce battle crying,
Like parent vultures at heart deep stung
With a wandering grief for their late-lost young.

This is, doubtless, finer writing than the original; but is it a correct mode of reproducing the spirit of a writer to write in a grander strain? We could go through the play and point out in almost every page examples of this violation of the original through an attempt to convey its spirit by paraphrase. Let us, however, willingly acknowledge that Mr. Conington has on the whole adhered pretty closely to his author—remarkably so, considering the licence he allows himself. He has boldly ventured on some of the most startling expressions of Æschylus;—such as πηλοῦ ξένουρος, δῖψα κόινος—

Mad's friend and brother, thirsty dust;

or as τὰ δ' ἄλλα σιγῇ βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ μέγας βίβηκεν—

The rest is silence—a huge ox
Has passed upon my lips.

It was important to preserve this metaphor—perhaps a proverb—the more because it is quite clear the speaker was not bribed to silence, so that the first suggestion of βοῦς as meaning money, cannot obtain. It is quite unwarrantable in Droysen and Franz (the two German translators) to depart from the literal meaning, and assume that it does mean money (mir verschliesst ein golden schloss den Mund), because, even if their interpretation be correct, it is destructive of the very spirit of Æschylus to substitute such an interpretation for his metaphor. Mr. Conington has done well in throwing the business of interpretation on the reader.

Prof. Donaldson, though he has adopted what we hold to be the truer system, and has consequently produced a more useful work, has certainly not avoided the great danger of literal translation—baldness. He speaks very modestly of his own performance, and wishes it to be regarded as a philological rather than a poetical attempt—as an assistance to the student, not a work to be read for its own sake. We have no right to quarrel with him on this score. He was at liberty to define his own purpose:—but we must protest against his dry literal version being accepted as a fair specimen of what might be produced on the literal system. It is no paradox to assert that his translation would have been closer had it been more poetical,—for a lexicon is not the best translator, after all. Let us take the opening of the famous Chorus to Bacchus as an example. This is Mr. Donaldson's version:—

Thou of many names,
Whom Kadmus' daughter loves with a mother's pride,
Whom Jove the awful thunder begot;
Guardian of far-famed Italy, and King
In dales of Eleusian Deo, votary-thronged,
Bacchus, the Bacchant's mother city,
Thee inhabiting
By the Ismenus' ever-flowing streams
Where the grim dragon's teeth were sown.

This strophe may be more literally rendered, and with more choric movement, thus:—

Many-named darling of the Theban Maid!
Offspring of the heavy-thundering Jove!
Who cherishest the far-famed Italy
And rulest in mysterious vales
Of Eleusian Ceres.
O Bacchus! dweller in the Bacchic Thebes
Thy mother-city, by the rushing stream
Of wild Ismenos, and the field of dragon teeth.

In the above the original is followed line for line and word for word. Let us continue with Mr. Donaldson's version:—

Thee upon the double-crested rock
The illumined smoke behold,
Whither ascend Corycian nymphs in Bacchanalian chorus:
Thee too beholds Kastalia's founts: and thee
The ivy-mantled slopes of Nysa's hills
And that green headland where thick clusters hang,
Send, when religious voices hymn thy name,
A visitant to our Theban streets.

We should propose to render it thus:—

Thee upon the double-crested mount
The flame-smoke sacrifice beholds,
Where dance Corycian nymphs, Bacchantes like:
Thee too Castalian streams behold!
To thee the ivy-steeps of Nysa's mountains
And verdant shores in ruddy grapes abounding
Send forth immortal songs
When visiting thy native Thebes.

As before observed, Mr. Donaldson's purpose was to be literal; if we have made exception to his translation, it has been to show that, inasmuch as Sophocles was a poet, the closer the translator kept the more poetical would his translation turn out to be. In the chorus quoted above, what a fine line he has missed at the very opening by not being literal!—

Many-named darling of the Theban Maid,
which is word for word with the original—the only change being the slight one of syntactical sequence (many-named, of the Kadmaean nymph darling); whereas Mr. Donaldson, by thrusting in "daughter loves with a mother's pride," has paraphrased and weakened it. So of the rest.

Having thus criticized the systems of these two translators, let us, in conclusion, add that we think both publications worthy of high praise for scholarship,—and that these works are good beginnings in a right direction. We should be glad to see English versions universally substituted for the Latin. English is far more capable of rendering the Greek than Latin;—and if any translations are to be printed side by side with the original, they surely should be intelligible. The Latin often are not intelligible on account of the poverty and stubbornness of the language. In Germany the best scholars, Böckh, Schömann, Müller, Stäger, &c. have thought fit to publish editions of the Greek plays with German translations,—and we are glad to see English scholars following in their wake. To those who have no Greek such works are really important, enabling them to form a distinct idea of these great poets; to those—and how many are there!—who have nearly forgotten the Greek they learned at college, these editions will be peculiarly interesting; while there are few to whom the translation will not be an assistance even if they read the original.

Narratives from the Portfolio of a German in London—[*Erzählungen aus der Mappe, &c.*]. Leipzig, Grunow; London, Williams & Norgate.

THE lady whose 'Louise' we lately described [*Athenæum*, No. 1061] as bearing marks of personal acquaintance with some features of social life in England, has since asserted her claim to this advantage by publishing, under

the style of a "Resident in London," a volume of sketches and tales; touching, with but one exception, on the morals and manners of this country, and discussing in a sharp and confident tone, English opinions and practice on several points of importance. That the mere circumstance of residing in a foreign country will not of itself suffice to render descriptions of outward matters-of-fact complete and accurate, still less to produce true perceptions and a fair judgment of things lying deeper, we have had to remark in the accounts of many of our visitors; and in none more pointedly than in the present instance. In Mdlle. Bølte's former sketch of certain traits of domestic life in London, there might be seen the drawing of a hand in some way conversant with the originals; but when she expatiates in a wider sphere,—begins to talk of universities and church polemics,—to describe at large the position and character of English women and the spirit of their family relations,—or to speculate on moral principles and matters of religious belief,—we find nothing that bespeaks either sufficient means of observation or capacity to judge of what has been observed; but have instead a strange mixture of hasty glimpses of things half seen,—of careless hearsay reports caught up on the surface of casual discourse, and caught up imperfectly;—opinions boldly hazarded on slender grounds;—and particular applications of crude general notions,—of which neither the substance nor the spirit in which they are applied can be greatly commended.

The view taken by Mdlle. Bølte of classes and relations with which the many errors in her sketches prove her to be but slightly acquainted, cannot be termed in any sense a genial one. Whether from natural disposition or in consequence of some accident that has soured her experiences in England and at home, she is over-prone to assume defects at the first sight of most things that fall in her way; arrives rather hastily at scornful conclusions, and betrays an impatience of received notions and usages that implies a great confidence in her own superiority to "prejudices," and no little contempt for the judgment of all who may not approve of her "principles." This tone is not the most engaging even in writers who give evidence of powers that really enable them to look down upon the majority: it is quite inadmissible in one whose performance—as in the case before us—is too thoroughly mediocre to excuse any display whatever of captiousness or self-sufficiency.

The texture of the sketches and tales with which these traits are interwoven is, indeed, by no means a rich one. The descriptions of common things are not vivid; the dialogues are prosy and vapid; the information proffered is far from correct; and the seasoning of gossip—in which considerable liberties are taken with well-known names—is precisely of that kind which a careless reporter, prone to believe every odious rumour circulated by scandal, may skim any day from the surface of not the best London society. Where the author leaves this ground of commonplace, and begins to invent characters and incidents, she falls into the strangest improbabilities, which are not redeemed by any interest the romance excites; and the total impression that her performances leave on the mind is of something alternating between the tedious and the perverse. Mdlle. Bølte is not, in short, at all well qualified to recommend the new order of things which she seems desirous of having introduced; and those who are not otherwise disposed to begin a crusade against "the conventions of society," the modern system of education, "religious hypocrisy" or "fanaticism," or to assail the

predominance of money over mind,—will hardly be incited to such a course by invocations in which there is more of asperity than of enthusiasm.

For obvious reasons we shall not dwell upon the gossiping items in Mdle. Bölte's sketches. To English readers they can have no interest; and we may be content to warn our German friends not to accept as quite authentic the personal details and allusions which are here set down in a manner too precise to claim the usual indulgence of fiction; although many, we have reason to know, are entitled to no other name, and the chief authority for all appears to have been the *chronique scandaleuse* of common rumour. Nor shall we say more of the frequent sallies on religious topics than that the manner in which the subject is approached is more scornful than edifying; and that little instruction can be gained from a teacher who does not appear herself to have learned enough on the topic of her lectures to discuss it with the calmness of mind that belongs to conviction.

The first of the sketches describes what was seen and said at an Oxford commemoration by a German *savant* and his daughter, who had been educated in England. Of this young lady Mdle. Bölte relates the strangest school experiences; and represents her as sitting courageously—the only one of her sex in the company—among college dons, scaring them with sharp questions on Puseyism and university matters; in the course of which we receive information that will be quite new to any graduate of either university; and are favoured from the lips of the young lady with a dissertation on the slips and eccentricities of "distinguished women," of which it may be averred, that if nothing better than this can be truly said on behalf of the Rahels, Charlotte Stieglitzs, and Bettines, the country which is deficient in such examples will have no reason to regret the privation. In this, as in other instances, it must be allowed that if Mdle. Bölte is captious and unflattering in her accounts of English people, she does not treat those of her own country more favourably. The German personages of either sex to whom we are introduced in these tales are so represented, whether intentionally or not, as to offer no contrast to our disadvantage: and if readers in Leipzig and Berlin are satisfied with the pictures of their own countrymen and women, we cannot complain of their taking for authentic likenesses the worst caricatures of ours.

In the second sketch, for instance, we have, indeed, an English peer's daughter, who, in her intense longing to escape from the forms and pretensions of aristocratic life—exhibited in details that, we confess, were new to us,—runs away from home and offers herself to a young German who had formerly given her lessons—not because she loves him, but merely because she cannot live without a protector. But if this be not very like the proceeding of a young English noblewoman, still less, we shall hope, is the conduct of the German who, after marrying her, goes out with her, to live on the resources of the fortune she has brought him, as a missionary and settler at the Cape, probable told of a young ecclesiastic of that nation. We shall not insist on Mdle. Bölte's description of his filthy personal habits, for the sake of which the English reader will not be apt to think worse of what we call "gentlemanly"; a term that seems to have greatly offended her. But we must leave it to her German countrymen to say if they accept as true to nature the ingratitude, scoundrelism and pitiful weakness which the husband exhibits at the Cape; and which the wife redeems by a kind of sacrifice intended, we suppose, to show a favourable side of the English strength of

character—although as little like the ways of true British womanhood as can be imagined.

The exception we noticed above in the class of subjects is a tale in which the story of the renowned Julia Gonzaga* is dressed up, with some of its real incidents travestied; others, the most picturesque, indeed—as for instance, the night expedition of Barbarossa to surprise and capture the famous beauty for his Sultan,—are left out; and the whole is turned, by the addition of supposed occurrences that never happened, and feelings altogether foreign to the time and place, into a modern scrap of sentimental romance, without a single tinge of the Italy of the 16th century, or, indeed, any Italian hue whatever. Of the kind of reflections in which Mdle. Bölte likes to indulge, the following, taken from that tale, will perhaps be a sufficient specimen:—

Still in deep emotion, she remained sitting in the twilight, alone, at her favourite place in the embrasure of the turret window; and, absorbed in reflection, with her head resting on the edge of the casement, continued gazing out on the descending sun, whose declining light-to-day reminded her of human life, which, like the other, lowers its torch, without any certain knowledge of the dawn of its reappearance. For the first time she looked fairly down into the night of existence, which Man, with his blind faith, is so fond of enveloping in enigmas,—and yet, as long as the grave keeps silence, as long as the parting soul escapes altogether from her covering before the eyes of the living,—so long must Man waver between doubt, hope and fear, and look on the future with resignation. And what advantage, what aim can there be in life, to attain which the oppression of this uncertainty should have been imposed upon him?

The question, we need hardly say, is left unanswered by the author; it will be felt that the taste of such vague apostrophes is just on a par with the novelty and force with which the *crambe recotta* of a barren, negative school is dressed up, on this and other occasions, in the volume before us.

After 'Julia Gonzaga' comes 'The Jesuit and his Penitent'; a story of a young English girl of good family. She is thrown into the arms of the Roman Catholic church by the heartless neglect of her mother—which, it will be seen, the writer presumes to describe as the general practice of mothers in this country;—and dies, the victim of an unlawful passion for her confessor, who owns to her, on her death-bed, his participation in the same forbidden feeling. From this unwholesome story we shall extract a single passage, to prove that we are not unjust in plainly stating that the pains taken to draw in it an odious picture of English family life show as little respect for truth as the plan of the romance displays of aversion to unhealthy excitement.—

When I was ten years old [says the English heroine] I lost my father. I knew him only as a stranger. I had rarely seen him, was not used to his society, his love or his care; and on this account I could not lament his death. They dressed me in black, and commanded me not to show myself to my mother, lest I should increase her distress by my presence. This, too, was not difficult to me. At any time, indeed, I only used to see her for a minute or two daily; and as she never partook in my little joys and sorrows, the want of her company could be no loss to me. How much does a mother lose by thus keeping her children at a distance! how much must she sacrifice of love and true happiness! She was not aware of her loss. She had no previous conception of the spring of joys which Heaven granted in giving her children; and she was unable to make for herself what she had not the feeling to anticipate. And in this respect she was not an exception, but an instance of the general rule. Family life and family happiness are words which, in my native country, are mere empty sounds; their beautiful lofty significance is not to be found there.

* The original of the portrait in our National Gallery.

Parents have no proper hearts for their children; they regard them merely as necessary evils. This comes to be felt and revenged; and father and son stand opposed to each other as strangers. On the day of my father's funeral, being less strictly looked after, I came by accident into my mother's boudoir, where I found her seated on the sofa. It was the first time I had seen her in deep mourning: her eyes were swollen; she had wept, and wept much. My mother had wept! The idea was so new to me, that my whole heart overflowed on seeing her. Her distress made me forget everything; I thought no more of the prohibition. I saw nothing but my sorrowing mother, my mother in a black dress before me; and I felt as if I must kiss, console, caress her. The emotion of the moment overcame all hesitation—every fear: I hastened to her with open arms, threw myself on her neck, and addressed her with the sweetest names, while a stream of tears rolled down my cheeks. I had never been fondled on her knee; and even now, I cannot yet comprehend how I gained the courage to venture so much. I gazed upon her; her brow was wrinkled into a frown, her look angrily fixed upon me, and she cried out in displeasure, pushing me, the while, from her, "My dress!" I had rumpled it! Never shall I forget that minute. I was ordered back to my chamber—and never again made a similar attempt.

The English reader will know what to think of an author who, after residing for some time in this country, deliberately presents this as a true account—not of an exception, but of "the general rule." We fancy that there are in Germany not a few who may have seen enough of our ways to appreciate Mdle. Bölte's sketches at their true worth. To the rest we may say that it is about as becoming and just to draw such sweeping conclusions from a stray instance or two—and these, too, viewed by eyes neither clear nor dispassionate—as it would be for us to declare, on the strength of the performance now before us, that it is "the rule and not the exception" for German ladies who visit and write of England, to display pertness, shallow presumption, and ill-will; to lecture with confidence on imperfect information; to sneer at principles and beliefs on half-notions of a poor system, caught up at second-hand; and to put forth pharisaical pretensions to high feeling, sentiment and liberality, while grubbing with eagerness in the sorriest commonplaces of daily scandal, and unable to ascend in mere matters of fact to the plain level of simple truth.

The concluding 'Scenes in London' show that Mdle. Bölte is as little trustworthy in her reports of what her countrymen do when they arrive here, as in her accounts of our native dispositions and manners. In this sketch is described the first visit to London of a German artist, introduced under the name of *Plütschplatzsch*, whose real style, however, the author takes care shall not be mistaken. She proceeds to tell of his cold reception by an artist countryman *Hausmund*, of the difficulties he finds in getting a hearing, and what an electric sensation is produced at a concert by his singing "*Mein Herz ist am Rhein*." Hereupon his friend discovers that it may be well to encourage the artist; and takes him to a musical party at "Lady Dawson's," where he is offended with the distinction made between the singers professionally engaged for the concert and the invited guests of the lady of the house. When he has sung his *aria*—

"Lady Dawson advanced from the crowd, and approached our P.—'You have,' she began, 'given us all a real enjoyment, and made us long for more. The Marchioness of Lansdowne has a *soirée* to-morrow, and much wishes to see you there. May I beg you will let me know what are your terms for an evening?' These last words threw cold water over the friendly address. P.—made a desperately sour grimace. 'Madam,' he said, 'a German singer is not to be hired!' and bowing left the room."

Now c single mo absurdity artist's dig tocratic the name singer" display hi perfectly and givin degraded sing to room, in from Lad nobleman so far as satisfaction ment, on less?—H offer—for comes hi not easy number concert co far as the action, w —all thi piece of s But we the animat to fasten other acc happen to tance hav he was, o fulfil the p by accep talent w reward,— rate hous enjoyed h parties at talents w neither th national bi his dignit pursuit of the "Ge the incid first plac the second instance o but a pet whole pu singers" specimen the volun open. It cann apt to un tions of fo that such Athenæu due tribu This is a plain term We have tion from a book w his tende reporting invention The ur less rega mistake introduced in which tone of th the subje of the au the Athe be of some

Now could this heroic incident pass for a single moment as true, one must laugh at the absurdity of the notion paraded in it of the artist's dignity, on one hand, offended by aristocratic vulgarity on the other. What, in the name of common sense, has "the German singer" come to England to do? Is it not to display his gifts in public for reward?—This is a perfectly becoming and natural way of taking and giving their advantages: and if he is not degraded by receiving Mr. —'s money for singing to a miscellaneous audience in a concert room, in what respect would his taking money from Lady L.—to sing to a chosen circle in a nobleman's house, differ from this—except in so far as the hearers are more select, and the satisfaction of an artist with such an engagement, one would think, might be none the less? If the taking of a concert or theatre offer—for which "a German singer" professedly comes hither,—be not "hiring himself," it is not easy to see how the acceptance of a certain number of guineas for singing in a private concert can any more deserve the name, in so far as the word implies any offence. The transaction, we may see, if it had occurred, would—all things considered—have been a mere piece of silly impertinence in Herr P.—

But we are well assured that with respect to the amiable singer whom Mdlle. Bölte chooses to fasten it upon, it has no more truth than her other accounts of what passes in England. We happen to know that, far from any such reluctance having been felt by the excellent P.—, he was, on the contrary, exceedingly willing to fulfil the proper object of his visit to this country, by accepting all engagements in which his talent was properly honoured with a pecuniary reward,—whether in public concerts or in private houses. Many of our readers must have enjoyed his charming performance in musical parties at various houses in London, where his talents were not exercised gratuitously;—and neither the "German singer" nor any other rational being ever thought this a descent from his dignity as an artist, but a perfectly natural pursuit of the end for which and for which only the "German singer" came to this country. The incident paraded by Mdlle. Bölte is, in the first place, at variance with the truth: and in the second place, were it true, would be a mere instance of stupid inconsistency, proving nothing but a petulant assertion of something which the whole purpose and proceedings of "German singers" in England directly contradict. This specimen of her good taste and manners closes the volume, which we have no desire to reopen.

It cannot be needful for us to say that we are not apt to underrate or to misinterpret the productions of foreign authors. Our readers are aware that such works are carefully reviewed by the *Athenæum*, with a liberal disposition to pay the tribute of praise to all that may deserve it. This is a duty—and it is not less one to speak in plain terms of what is justly liable to blame. We have not, therefore, refrained on this occasion from giving without reserve the character of a book which we conceive to be as ungenial in its tendencies as it is loose and perverse in reporting on matters of fact, and poor in its inventions.

The unpleasantness of the task we can the less regard, because it is right to prevent any mistake as to this book arising from the friendly introduction we gave to Mdlle. Bölte's "Louise."—In which little work the captious and presuming tone of the present one was not sensibly felt, and the subject, too, fell more truly within the scope of the author's observation and powers. And as the *Athenæum* is current in Germany, it also may be of some use to declare what we need not say to

any home reader of these Tales, viz.—that those only who are content with libels in place of descriptions will find it worth their while to seek for an account of what is to be seen and heard in England, in the "Portfolio" of the "Resident in London."

Whom to Marry, and How to get Married! or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Husband. Edited by the Brothers Mayhew. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank. Bogue.

THE Brothers Mayhew paint coarsely, but strongly. Their humour is intellectual, but not sympathetic. They see the moral side of things chiefly by contrast. The world with them is a ship of fools and knaves. The best are only apparently good, and all are hypocrites but the worst. Self-interest is according to them the ruling principle,—and that pursued after an erroneous and ridiculous method. Such is their view of the normal condition of society; yet it excites little more in the way of dissentiment than laughter.—From such a mood of mind little of a genial character is to be expected; and the want of this gives to their books a hard, unrelenting expression, that makes them repulsive to a large class of readers. Turn the page where you will, it has a forbidding look and threatens with indiscriminate sarcasm. In the present work, however, the writers have aimed at some degree of polish,—and it is a gainer thereby. The thing attacked is one of the serious social sores,—and the language of reproof rises at times into the dignity due to the subject.

The reader, however, must be prepared to find in this as well as in the authors' former works rather an idea painfully elaborated than a series of facts accurately represented. The amount of experience necessary to the production of the present one is not very extensive. Its idea once conceived, the draught may be as large on the fancy as on the memory. It is at once a fault, and a merit of a certain kind, with the authors, dealing as moral satirists, that their most amusing scenes are the most fantastic. They are individually such as *might* have happened, the conception being assumed;—but not even individually, and still less collectively, such as *would* actually take place with the characters and under the circumstances described.

It is not to be denied that the Brothers Mayhew in the distribution of merit between the sexes are somewhat partial to their own. In this, as in their former work, the good sense which points the moral throughout is all the attribution of their males, while the females run through every degree of folly and are made to the last incapable of understanding the lesson. The object of the present work is to inculcate the doctrine that while in an artificial state of life love without other favouring conditions is insufficient to ensure the happiness of wedded life, no amount of such conditions can purchase it without love; and this doctrine the father of the family, a high-minded physician, is made steadily to promulgate while all the world is sinning around him. A young lady of the middle class, brought up in a worldly manner, falls in love in the romance time of mere girlhood with her drawing-master. Thwarted by her parents, she falls into a fever—and on her recovery is ready, in spite of the father's wholesome comment and prompted by the evil teaching of her mother, to accept the first man or boy who may offer. The book is divided into Offers of Marriage.—"First Offer,"—"Second Offer,"—and so forth; the lady flattering herself that each time she is desperately sincere in her attachment. The second affair takes place at school;—and the materials,

though obvious and used-up, are amusing. The heroine becomes finally convinced that something *more* than love is expedient to make the marriage state happy; but has yet to learn—and never does distinctly learn, in spite of a host of illustrations—that nothing *less* than love will serve for the purpose. Money, a carriage, and an opera box seem to her adequate resources; and of the teaching of the mother, which thwarts that of the father and cherishes such dangerous fallacies, the following may be taken as a sample.—

"Indeed," says the heroine, "it was quite wonderful the pains Mamma used to take with me. Scarcely a moment passed but she was telling me what I ought to do, and what I oughtn't. First, I was the stupidest thing alive, and never would take a look from her, though she had been frowning at me ever so long, like a beadle at church. Then I was her own dear girl, and if I had learnt nothing else at Miss Thimblebee's, at least I'd been taught to carry myself like an angel, and she was sure any one to see me move past them would admit that that walk of mine alone was worth the whole money. One morning it would be, the gifts of Providence and the blessing of a superior education seemed to have been entirely thrown away upon me. How I could ever have danced two quadrilles running, last night, with that Mr. Belchambers, was more than she could tell, when I knew as well as she did that the man hadn't a sixpence beyond what he had to fag night and day for. What on earth did I expect would become of me, if I went on in that shameful way? Then another morning she would declare I was her own dear pet, I was. The way in which I had viltzed with that dear Sir Frederick Lushington, who was one of the oldest and richest baronets in the kingdom—and very luckily a widower—did her heart good to see. 'Bless you, my lamb!' she would say, 'you are your foolish fond mother's own dear child, you are, every inch of you.' But the worst of it all was, Mamma was always taking me up about my mode of talking; now I didn't sound this word rightly, and then it wasn't considered elegant to pronounce that word in the way I did. I recollect one morning, at breakfast, asking her for another cup of coffee, with rather a broad accent on the word. 'Kawfee, Charlotte,' she replied, 'and pray what may that mean, Miss? I never recollect hearing the term used before; but perhaps you may mean coffee, for that's the only name I ever heard given to it. Really your father might just as well have kept his money in his pocket, and never sent you to school at all, for the good it seems to have done you.' 'Why,' I replied, quite innocently, 'I thought that as a-l spelt al, and a-l-l all, so o-f spelt of, and o-f-f owf.'—And, I dare say," she answered, 'g-l-a-s glass, and g-l-a-s-s glarce. But you'll please to think otherwise in future, Miss; and remember that in polite society, when we join a quadrille we *dance*, when we are pleased we *laugh* (though smiling is more genteel, my dear), when we have a cold we *cough*, and when we take a promenade we *walk*; no, I'm wrong, there we do *walk*, yes, *walk* like other people. So don't let me hear any more of such vulgarisms from you in future. And now, may I have the pleasure of sending you another cup of coffee?'—'Thank you,' I replied, 'you are very kind!'—'Keyind, keyind! if you love me, child,' she answered, throwing her hands up; 'keyind; unless you wish to split your poor dear mother's ears in two. Pray do be more attentive to your pronunciation, my dear! for really it sets my teeth quite on edge to hear you.'—'Well, Mamma,' I answered, 'I will try and have more regard for the future.' 'Re—what is that?' she exclaimed, drawing in her breath, as if in great bodily pain. 'Gard, did I hear you say, child? Oh! if you would not see your poor dear mother fall senseless at your feet, do, do remember and call it re-gard for the future.'"

From a story thus conducted by episodes, the best thing we can do is to give our readers some further extract for their entertainment. The following portrait of an amateur mail coachman is worth preserving, because the type is nearly extinct,—run down, like many another thing, by the railways. Some of our readers can yet

speak to the likeness,—but the next generation will know the original only by tradition.—

"When we got to the office (Bull and Mouth) there was 'The Hurricane' drawn up ready in front of it, with such a crowd waiting to see it start, that it was as much as we could do to get into our places; and, indeed, scarcely were we seated, before there was a cry of 'all right,' and we dashed down Waterloo-place, the guard playing the 'Girls we left behind us' so beautifully, that everybody turned round to look at the coach as it darted by; while we kept continually hearing the coachman hallooing out 'Heigh! heigh!' to all the carts before us, and abusing the drivers as we rattled past, so that Mamma and I got so nervous, that we expected every minute to be upset, and have to be taken home again on a shutter. When once we got clear of London, I never knew anything to go so fast as we did; and, although the old gentleman in an intensely black wig and whiskers dyed a dark purple to match, who was our only fellow inside passenger said that the pace was beautiful.—still Mamma, who was half dead with fright, expressed an opinion that the coachman must be tipsy, or he'd show more regard to the feelings of the poor dumb animals that he was driving. But the gentleman would have it, that the horses liked it as much as any one—though if they did, theirs must have been a merry life and a short one,—for he told us immediately afterwards, that they never lasted more than three years on the road, and when we stopped to change, the poor things were all over in such a white lather, that they looked just as if they were going to be shaved. While they were getting ready to start again, we were quite shocked with the shameful language of that disgusting driver, who kept swearing at the stable boys, first setting at 'Jim,' and then giving it 'Sam,' and calling every one either a dog or a scoundrel. Then, if the fellow hadn't the impudence to come and stand right opposite the coach-window, with his legs apart, and stroke his imperial, while he stared at me, in such an impudent way that Mamma pulled the blind down right in his face, exclaiming aloud, that she never knew such an ill-bred fellow in all her life, and vowing that she should make a point of representing his conduct to the proprietors and get him discharged. 'It will not be of the slightest use I can assure you, Madam,' said the old gentleman, who, although he must have been sixty at least, was dressed in the height of fashion. 'Perhaps you are not aware that he is the Honourable Gustavus Adolphus Gee, and it's only his way, Ma'm; he means nothing by it.'—'The Honourable Mr. Gee! Indeed, sir!' replied Mamma, with a smile. 'Well, if he means nothing by it, that alters the case entirely; only I did the gentleman the injustice to mistake him for a common coachman; though really, now I come to think of it,—he! he! he!—it was very short-sighted and silly of me,—he! he! he!—to make such a blunder,—he! he! he!—for now I look at him again,' she continued, pulling up the blind, and taking a peep at him, 'any one could tell by that beautiful aristocratic nose of his that he was nobly connected. Gee!' she added, musing to herself.—'Gee! yes, of course, if I'd only heard the name, I should have known that it is the family one of Lord—hem! hem!—Lord—a—dear me! I shall forget my own name next.'—'Lord Fortiwinx, Ma'm; Mr. Gee is his Lordship's brother,' suggested the old young man. 'Yes, Fortiwinx! so it is, to be sure,' answered Mamma, as if the truth had just struck her.—'closely connected, you know, my dear,' she continued, addressing me, 'to our friend young Snorhard, who had such a hard fight for Beds last election. But dear me,' she added, again turning to the old gentleman, 'I thought the family was very rich, and certainly never expected to see one of that noble stock reduced to such extremities. What a nice, handsome, classical face, too, he has of his own, has he not, Charlotte, love? What a pity it is that his Lordship doesn't put him into the church or the army, with those splendid white teeth of his! And is the poor young man very badly off, can you inform me, sir?' observed my mother, as the Honourable driver finished his glass of soda-water and brandy, and remounted the box.—'Badly off! Dear me! no, Madam,' said the gentleman with the purple whiskers; 'he's rolling in money, I can assure you.'—'Goodness! what an interesting character!' replied Mamma.—'Plenty of money; and what's better, he

knows how to spend it, Ma'm,' answered the gentleman in the intensely black wig. 'Why, he pays a good round sum every year to be allowed to drive this coach.'—'Dear, dear! what a delightfully eccentric being! isn't he, Charlotte, my love?' replied Mamma. 'And his poor, poor lady?'—for I think, if my memory serves me truly, I recollect hearing my talented young friend, Mr. Snorhard, say that Mr. Gee was married.—'I am afraid you have been misinformed, Madam,' answered the old gentleman; 'Mr. Gee is still single, I can assure you.'—'Indeed, you surprise me; I suppose I must make some mistake,' replied Mamma. 'And does he really take the half-crowns now, like an ordinary coachman?'—'Oh yes, Madam, he expects the customary perquisite as if he had been bred and born to the business.'—'Dear me! how delightfully he sustains the character?'—'Yes, Ma'm, as if he'd been brought up on the stage—he! he! he!—He! he! he!' echoed Mamma, and 'He! he! he!' echoed I, at the old gentleman's jokelet. 'I suppose the passengers do them up in paper, and he presents them to some charity at the end of the year?' asked Mamma. 'Pardon me, Madam, not at all,' he replied. 'He says that they just find him in rats, for his famous dog "Tommy" to kill.'—'Oh, he's quite the sportsman, I see,' continued Mamma. 'And Mr. Gee, I suppose, resides with my lord his brother at Brighton?' for I think I heard my friend young Mr. Snorhard say that Lord Fortiwinx was among the visitors there.—'I believe not, Madam; Lord Fortiwinx has, to the best of my knowledge, retired for the winter to his seat in Witney, and Mr. Gee usually stays at the hotel where the coach puts up.'"

The "eccentricities" of this aristocratic scion are painted with a malicious gusto sufficiently relishing. They had great attractions for Mamma; who was naturally desirous of securing so promising a match for her angel of a daughter,—reformed rakes, in the maternal estimation, making the best of husbands. The scheme fails through what the lady calls "a cascade of calamity." The heroine, in her endeavour to make assurance doubly sure by having "two beaux to her apron string," contrives to lose both. Then we have portraits of Mr. Gee's brother, Lord Fortiwinx, and of the favourite Mr. Seringley:—both are capital, and one almost an ideal. Enough to add, that a succession of husband-hunts ends in a succession of disappointments—or, what is worse, unfortunate marriages. The Brothers Mayhew make out their case; and there is sound doctrine to be taken from these pages, administered in a somewhat eccentric but very entertaining form.

HYDROPATHY.—*Letters from Grafenberg.* By John Gibbs.—*Observations on Hydrophathy.* By J. Stephenson Bushman, M.D.—*The Treatment of Small Pox, &c. by the Water Cure.* By Dr. Macleod.—*The Water Cure in Chronic Disease.* By J. M. Gully, M.D.

OUR friends of the Water Cure must pardon us if we cannot find space to keep up with the progress of the mania for writing books on hydrophathy—for mania certainly it is. What else but a taking leave of the senses or a clear delusion could induce sober men of business, barristers, artists, titled ladies and gentlemen, half-pay officers, Quakers and dissenting ministers to think that their "mission" on this earth is to investigate disease and preach up the potency of a universal remedy. For upwards of five thousand years has mother earth sent bubbling up in springs, and the skies have poured down upon us in showers, cold water,—and we are now told for the first time, with an emphasis almost deafening and a constancy most wearying, that cold water is a very useful thing. It would appear as if some of the learned authors on this subject had not heard of the existence of such a thing till it was discovered by the inspired peasant of Silesia. It would undoubtedly have been much better for all if they had been

earlier acquainted with its properties. The necessity, in fact, for having recourse to cold water as a remedy at all seems in most cases to have resulted from a previous neglect of its use. For the maladies of the intemperate and indolent scarcely could a more excellent plan be adopted than the frugal fare; regular habits, and pure water dousings established in the valley of the Grafenberg. One case thus cured, especially if of the literary species, would be sufficient to establish the reputation of less potent agencies than those employed, and to start off the hypochondriacal, the fanciful and the wonder-loving in search of the vaunted remedy.

Hydrophathy is, in fact, but one head of the great hydra Quackery,—and is sprouting up at the expense of its scotched sisters, Mesmerism, Phrenology, and Homœopathy. They are all the offspring of the same stock—phantasies of overwrought German abstraction; which, long after they have ceased to trouble the parent mind, are imported at second-hand for the amusement of us English. We do not, however, intend to deny that there is truth in Hydrophathy. In fact, every species of quackery must have an element or pretence of truth before it could find a single human being to become its dupe. The superstructure of phrenology rests upon the facts that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that every human mind must possess, in a greater or less degree, the thirty-two faculties that are mapped out upon the superficies of the skull. The delusions of mesmerism are founded on truly diseased states of the nervous system connected with abnormal conditions of the mind. Homœopathy, with its absurd dogma that like cures like and its infinitesimal doses, obtains credence in virtue of the latent fact that many diseases will get well without any special treatment. The water-cure has also its basis in truth. The action established on the skin by cold bathing, the cleanliness produced, and the substituting a frugal or coarse diet with cold water for a rich diet with stimulating drinks, suffice to produce a state of the system which, dressed up in the jargon of quackery or presented to the mind of the ignorant, leads to the absurd doctrines of Priessnitz and his followers.

Our columns are not the place to discuss the principles of Hydrophathy,—but we feel bound to protest against this and every other popular delusion in which health and life may be wasted in the very attempt made to preserve them. We do not, therefore, notice these books to recommend them,—but rather to chronicle the literary history of a mania to the removal of which we are anxious to contribute. That one folly should so fast follow another is a sad reflection,—but with the spread of knowledge and the increased cultivation of the mind we feel assured that each successive one will be less permanent in its rule and injurious in its effects. A little more knowledge of the principles of scientific inquiry and an acquaintance with a few of the facts connected with the physiology of the human frame would teach people to distinguish between truth and falsehood; and if it did not do this, would at least enable them to distinguish between the conclusions of the patient investigator of nature and the hypotheses of the charlatan.

But we must say a word of the books before we conclude. The first is a series of letters by an unprofessional man; who—like many others—confounds the benefits derived from abstinence from business and home, regular living, and thorough washing with the particular theories of those who assert that all diseases may be cured by water. The 'Observations' are written by a gentleman whom we have often met in the pleasant path of natural history literature. His work is intended more as a

guide to those who have abandoned themselves to the delusion of the water cure than as a serious defence of it. The treatment of small-pox and other fevers with cold water is not new. It has been often tried by bold practitioners; but the most experienced have not been convinced of the greater excellence of this plan than of others which are generally adopted.

Dr. Gully's is a book of more pretension than the others. It is evidently written by a well-educated medical man,—but in almost every page we find evidence that the author has arrived at a foregone conclusion. His book is a defence of the practice of curing diseases by water; and all that fallacious theories and doubtful facts from the domain of physiology can be made to do in opposition to the rational practice of medicine and in favour of his adopted system, they are made to do in this work. Although this book is by far the most scientific that we have seen on Hydropathy, we are sorry to find in it so little evidence of candid inquiry into the subject.

Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the Year 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole, Lord Orford, &c.

(Second Notice.)

We adverted, a week since, to the numerous notices of plays and play-houses which are contained in these letters. As a critic on contemporary Art and Literature Horace Walpole is a valuable authority, "with a difference." Clear-sighted as he seems to us to have been in his general views—far in advance of his age as regards certain among his tastes and pursuits—his prejudice and compliance with fashion are no less remarkable in cases where his judgment was exercised on the objects lying closely round him. The thought of what "the world would say" regarding this or that—the fear of being ridiculed for enthusiasm—appear often to have disturbed his equanimity and distorted his visual powers, when the question was not a Petitot enamel or a leaf from the hand of Giulio Clovio. These provisos made, we will see, under our Wit's guidance, what was doing in the theatres in his day,—the day, be it remembered, when plays, if not players, were the fashion. In 1769, Horace writes to Lady Ossory: "There is a new comedy at Covent Garden, called 'The Brothers,' that has great success, though I am told it is chiefly owing to the actors; an obligation I should not have thought any play would have had to the present actors at either house. From the opera I am almost beaten out. As if either the Guadagni or the Zamparini had a voice, there are two parties arisen who alternately encore both in every song, and the operas last to almost midnight. What a charm there must be in contradiction, when it can prevent one's being tired of what one is tired to death."

In 1771,—
"There is a new tragedy at Covent Garden called 'Zobeide,' which I am told is very indifferent, though written by a country gentleman; and there is a new 'Timon of Athens,' altered from Shakspeare by Mr. Cumberland, and marvellously well done, for he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly, that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it. * * I shall go to town again on Monday to see that greatest of curiosities, a fine dancer at the Opera. Mademoiselle Heinel is to appear on Tuesday, and all the fine gentlemen pay her a compliment they used only to pay to the Speaker, of leaving their hunting to see her. I hope this will re-establish our Albemarle Street Club and Almack's, which have both been in a very languishing way."

The Heinel was the Heberle of her day. The author of 'Zobeide,' we believe, was that rather dull but well-intentioned man of taste, Mr. Cradock, of Gumley. Passing on to the year 1773,—

"We have two new tragedies: I read the two first

acts of the one and the three last of the other, and they sufficed. Mr. Home's 'Alonzo' seems to be the story of David and Goliath, worse told than it would have been if Sternhold and Hopkins had put it into metre."

And here follows a further glimpse at Home (not Homer) nodding; also a *Row-and-for* poor "Oliver," unfair enough to fan Mr. Forster's contempt of "the Macaronies" into a flame.—

"I was not at the ball last night, and have only been at the Opera, where I was infinitely struck with the Carrara, who is the prettiest creature upon earth. Mrs. Hatley I am to find still handsomer, and Miss Linley is to be the superlative degree. The King admires the last, and ogles her as much as he dares to do in so holy a place as an oratorio, and at so devout a service as 'Alexander's Feast.' * * There was a new play by Dr. Goldsmith last night, which succeeded prodigiously; but how is it possible your ladyship can bear such stuff as 'Alonzo,' without characters or probability? A gentleman embraces her maid when she expects her husband; he goes mad with jealousy, without discovering what he ails, and runs away to Persia, where the post comes in from Spain with news of a duel that is to be fought the Lord knows when! As Persian princes love single combat as well as if they had been bred in Lucas's coffee-house, nobody is surprised that the prince of Persia should arrive to fight a duel that was probably over before he set out. The wife discovers the prince to be her own husband, and the lad her own son, and so, to prevent mischief, stabs herself, and then tells the whole story, which it was rather more natural to do first. The language is as poor as the plot. Somebody asked me, apropos to the Heroic Epistle, what prose the Home had ever written? I said I knew none but his poetry. His tragedy comes just in time to prove I was in the right. * * What play makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Stoops, indeed!—so she does, that is the Muse; she is dragged up to the knees, and has trugged, I believe, from Southwark fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic; the heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably. * * I forgot to tell your ladyship that Miss Loyd is in the new play by the name of Rachael Buckskin, though he has altered it in the printed copies. Somebody wrote for her a very sensible reproof to him, only it ended with an indecent *grossièreté*. However, the fool took it seriously, and wrote a most dull and scurrilous answer; but, luckily for him, Mr. Beauchamp and Mr. Garrick intercepted it."

The following peep at provincial French players and royal patrons is curious as a picture of manners.—

"The next scene lies in Calais. You shall have the identical words of my Lady Fenouillet's letter:—'I must acquaint you with a piece of insolence done to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Their Royal Highnesses, upon their arrival here on Saturday se'night, went to the play, as likewise on Sunday. On Monday morning two of the players waited on their Royal Highnesses to thank them for the honour that had been done them, and to receive the gratification usual upon such occasions. The duke gave them three guineas for the two representations, which was so far from satisfying these gentry, that, by way of impertinence, they sent their candle-snuffer, a dirty fellow, to present a bouquet to the duchess, who was rewarded for his impudence with a volley of *coups de baton*. This chastisement did not intimidate the actors, who sent one of their troop after the duke to St. Omer, with a letter, to know if it was really true his Royal Highness gave but three guineas, for that they, the players, suspected their companions had pocketed the best part of what was given. What answer the Duke gave I know not; but the man who went with the letter has been put in prison, and the whole troop has been ordered to leave the town.—'voilà qui est bien tragique pour les comédiens.' This affair is as much talked on at Calais as if it was an affair of state."

The next paragraph shows us two dramatic celebrities "at home."

"I dined and passed Saturday at Beauchamp's, with the Edgcomb, the Garricks, and Dr. Goldsmith, and was most thoroughly tired, as I knew I should be, I who hate the playing off a butt. Goldsmith is a fool, the more wearing for having some sense. It was the night of a new comedy, called the 'School for Wives,' which was exceedingly applauded, and which Charles Fox says is execrable. Garrick has at least the chief hand in it. I never saw anybody in a greater fidget, nor more vain when he returned, for he went to the playhouse at half-an-hour after five, and we sat waiting for him till ten, when he was to act a speech in 'Cato' with Goldsmith; that is, the latter sat in t'other's lap, covered with a cloak, and while Goldsmith spoke, Garrick's arms that embraced him, made foolish actions. How could one laugh when one had expected this for four hours?"

But Garrick was treated with only a qualified measure of praise by the author of 'The Mysterious Mother;' while Le Texier's readings are lauded with every possible superlative,—and Mr. Jephson's tragedy, 'Braganza,' (for which Horace wrote the epilogue) is described as the best thing of its time. Alas! for the discernment of royal and noble patrons of the drama in its palmy days—if the *dicta* of Walpole in any degree reflect the judgments of the exquisite. Strokes of truth, however, are oddly mixed with the prejudice and favouritism of the following strictures on Hannah More's 'Percy.'—

"I have just been at 'Percy.' The four first acts are much better than I expected, and very animated. There are good situations, and several pretty passages; but not much nature. There is a fine speech of the heroine to her father, and a strange sermon against Crusades, that ends with a description of the Saviour, who died for our sins. The last act is very ill-conducted, unnatural and obscure. Earl Douglas is a savage ruffian. Earl Percy is converted by the virtue of his mistress, and she is *love and virtue* in the supreme degree. There is a prologue and an epilogue about fine ladies and fine gentlemen, and feathers and buckles; and I don't doubt every word of both, Mr. Garrick's, for they are commonplace, and written for the upper gallery. It was very moderately performed; but one passage against the *odious Scot* Douglas was loudly applauded, and showed that the mob have no pensions."

While our talk is of playhouses, we cannot omit the following character,—in which the attempt at balancing merit and demerit produces an impression of truth tried for, but not attained.—

"Yes, madam, I do think the pomp of Garrick's funeral perfectly ridiculous. It is confounding the immense space between pleasing talents and national services. What distinctions remain for a patriot hero, when the most solemn have been showered on a player?—but when a great empire is on its decline, one symptom is, there being more eagerness on trifles than on essential objects. Shakspeare, who wrote when Burleigh counselled and Nottingham fought, was not rewarded and honoured like Garrick who only acted, when—indeed I do not know who has counselled and who has fought. I do not at all mean to detract from Garrick's merit, who was a real genius in his way, and who, I believe, was never equalled in both tragedy and comedy. Still I cannot think that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents: yet I will own as fairly that Mrs. Porter and Madlle. Dumenil have struck me so much, as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me quite so much as those two actresses, and some few others in particular parts, as Quin, in Falstaff; King, in Lord Ogleby; Mrs. Pritchard, in Maria, in the Non-juror; Mrs. Clive, in Mrs. Cadwallader; and Mrs. Abington, in Lady Teazle. They all seemed the very persons: I suppose that in Garrick I thought I saw more of his art; yet his Lear, Richard, Hotspur (which the town had not taste enough to like) Kiteley, and Ranger, were as capital and perfect as action could be. In declamation, I confess, he never charmed me; nor could he be a gentleman; his Lord Townley and Lord Hastings were mean, but then too the parts

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Under all these favourable conditions, we sincerely trust that the Expedition will succeed before the close of this summer in meeting with Franklin. That every effort will be made for the purpose we feel assured; and such efforts are not limited to the present year—for the ships are fully provisioned for three years.—We may add that we have Sir James Ross's authority for stating that the object of the expedition—contrary to what we had previously been informed, and to what we should have thought the probabilities of the case—is strictly limited to the search for the missing mariners. The provisioning of the vessels for three years, when Franklin must be heard of if at all in one, certainly makes such a statement, if not

PROFESSORSHIP OF SURGERY AT UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE.

Mr. Cooper, late President of the College of Surgeons, and Professor of Surgery in University College, has resigned the second appointment,—and has made a pamphlet the vehicle of his resignation. The facts are these. When Mr. Liston died, the Council appointed Mr. Syme, who may be said to have been at the head of surgery in Edinburgh, to succeed him at the Hospital. This Mr. Cooper considered to be a slight on the surgeons who had been educated at University College, and made up his mind to retire in consequence,—a resolution which some subsequent events converted into what the French call a *fait accompli*. It must not be left out of view that the person whom he conceives to have been slighted is his own son-in-law; whom, as he says, he would back "against the favourite in any kind of competition whatsoever, in relation to practical and scientific surgery." This gentleman—Mr. Morton, who does not by himself appear as a party to the complaint—is a rising surgeon, of whom every one speaks highly; but whom to one, so far as we can make out, puts at this moment on a level with Mr. Syme. We can hardly tell exactly what Mr. Cooper wishes. He does not venture to say in so many words that his son-in-law should have been the successor of Mr. Liston—yet he insinuates discontent that he or some other former pupil of the institution is not invested with that character. He makes it clear that he wishes it had not been Mr. Syme, but somebody else: and this is

doubtful, at least a little perplexing:—but we give the assurance as we have received it.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE excellent remarks of F.R.S. in a recent number of the *Athenæum* are applicable to many learned bodies besides the Royal Society. The cultivators of learning are everywhere elbowed and encroached upon by the eager votaries of wealth and fashion. It is not the aristocracy which oppresses them, but the affected importance of those who fawn and play upon the aristocracy. The Royal Geographical Society presents a very remarkable example of this kind of usurpation. This Society has been seized upon and made the property of a few, and is now really a discredit to the community which tolerates so much abuse. Having wasted the Society's funds by mismanagement, and being unwilling to meet the subscribers, the self-elected Council are now endeavouring to raise by means of circular letters a subsidy, for the purpose of repairing defects hitherto dissembled or denied. This proceeding is obviously at variance with the constitutional principles of such societies. The question of contribution is a question of confidence. In every contract there is some reciprocity,—and those who after contributing to the funds of the Royal Geographical Society for eighteen years, have seen it sink into utter impotence, have some reason to think themselves unfairly dealt with, even though no extraordinary demands were made on them by the self-elected Council. But to make the present state of the Society perfectly intelligible it will be necessary to glance rapidly over its past history and proceedings.

When the Royal Geographical Society was first founded in 1830, it seemed to possess more of the elements of success than ordinarily falls to the lot of such institutions. It was in the busy centre of the commercial world, where geographical information is always welcome, and whence active communication is maintained with every quarter of the earth. Yet the Society never attempted to turn to account the advantages of its position. It never established a system of foreign or colonial correspondence. It never sought the alliance nor made itself ancillary to the efforts of commercial enterprise. It is not worth while to inquire here into the circumstances which cramped the efforts and depressed the spirit of the Society at the outset; suffice it to say, that among the many interests which engaged the attention of its first managers I believe that those of geography were the least thought of. Yet, if there was little exertion, there was no want of vaunting. The Council affect to boast of the Expeditions which they fitted out or fostered; but these, if carefully examined, will be found to reflect but little credit on their promoters. The Guyana Expedition, which (thanks to the ability of Sir R. Schomburgk) was completely successful, was patronized and paid for by the Government. That which was peculiarly the Society's own, was the Expedition to Kurdistan. The Council, eager for distinction, looked around for some unknown region, where brilliant discoveries, opening new fields to commercial enterprise, might be made at a moderate expense,—and they pitched on the Mountains of Kurdistan; this, too, at a time when Asia Minor and the Armenian countries were filled with European travellers. The fruits of this ill-advised Expedition may be seen in the Journal, occupying some thirteen sheets, and having cost above 1,800*l*.! The South African Expedition cost above 700*l*.; but I cannot believe that the Council would ever have countenanced this if they had not been misinformed as to the circumstances under which it was commenced. The remaining outlay under the head of Expeditions and Instruments amounts to a mere trifle. Thus, we have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that in this department the Council manifested little energy and less judgment. Of the moderate sum expended by them, four-fifths may be considered as having been thrown away. Nor should it be overlooked that they sent out their travellers very inadequately supplied with instruments and instructions; which latter, if properly drawn up, might have ranked among the chief ornaments of the Journal.

Now with respect to the Journal,—it was very favourably received by the public in the first in-

stance,—and rose to a considerable sale in three years, though unskillfully put together and, in many points, very censurable. But from 1835 it declined constantly, and for the last seven years very rapidly,—so that at present it is little more than a lingering monument of the Society's inefficiency. A detailed criticism on this ill-starred Journal would be here out of place; yet in order to do full justice to the spirit which has always characterized in an eminent degree the managers of this Society, I will call attention to a sentence in the pamphlet entitled 'The Royal Geographical Society and its Labours,' which was put forward as a kind of manifesto by the Council in 1846. I find therein mentioned, among the objects to be especially kept in view by the editor, "the adoption of a uniform orthography, as far as possible, particularly in oriental names." Now the fact is, that the learned Foreign Secretary of the Society did introduce into the Journal a uniform and well-considered orthography of oriental names, which the editor of the Journal—the writer of the sentence above quoted,—has never, I believe, followed in any single instance.

It can hardly be supposed that where the general conduct of affairs exhibits so many proofs of inattention and incapacity, the Society's honours should be bestowed with unfailing impartiality and discernment. Certainly, we cannot expect the progress of Geography to be duly registered and appreciated by those who seem hardly to know what geography is; and the Council of the Royal Geographical Society have occasionally quite lost sight of the limits of their proper domain. Nor can there be impartiality where there is no steady adherence to rules. The Society's honours have been withheld from travellers well-known to have done much for science, on the ground that they did not communicate the results of their labours to the Society directly and within a limited period of time. Yet, again we have seen all these limitations and conditions capriciously and unaccountably flung to the winds. In 1843 the medal was bestowed on the author of a huge German compilation, dull, crude, unsafe, and unfathomable ("the labour of a life to read," says the Secretary, who had seen the volumes in question, but could not read them—"beautiful and compendious volumes," says the President, who could have read, but had never seen them.)—which was begun in 1822, and is not yet advanced half-way to its conclusion. And more recently the same distinction has been conferred on a Russian traveller, a meagre sketch of whose journey to the Icy Sea, apparently in the beaten road of the fur-traders, was communicated to the Society at second-hand; and a medal was bestowed for alleged scientific results of which the Society remains to this moment in utter ignorance. Nay more, that traveller received the medal for his explorations in Northern and Eastern Siberia (it is so recorded in the Society's 'Transactions'),—two distinct Expeditions, respecting the latter of which the Society never received any communication whatever. How is this to be explained? Whence this prodigality of encouragement in certain quarters? Why is there so much liberality towards Berlin and St. Petersburg, and so much jealousy nearer home? I am aware that the great rulers of the Council exclaim "we find it impossible in these cases to govern our decisions by fixed rules." This is a lamentable admission. The exemption from law here laid claim to is obviously the prerogative of a few; three-fourths of the Council neither could nor would indulge in such a licence. But would it not be better to submit to any restraint of rule and order than to expose the Royal Geographical Society of London to the possible suspicion of bartering honours with foreign academies?

At the conclusion of the President's Address in 1844 he laid much stress on the fact that the Society had formed a library and a collection of maps "by its own energy and means;" and declared his belief that it had founded a good claim for support on the Government and the country "if it had done nothing more than procure maps of all known lands and seas, and so arranged them that they are at all times ready to be consulted by the Government and the public." Now the truth is, that the Society owes its library and collections almost wholly to donations, and not to "its own energy and means." It has expended little in the purchase of books,—next to

nothing in the purchase of maps. And for the accessions made to the library in this way the Society is indebted to the occasional advances of booksellers, and not in the least degree to the care or diligence of the Council. The library of the Royal Geographical Society is wholly deficient in those works of reference which ought to form the basis of a central geographical library. It does not contain the collection of Ramusio, or of Purchas, or even, we believe, that of Hakluyt. The state of disorder in which it lies and the want of a catalogue diminish its value. As to the collection of maps and charts, it is absurd to suppose that any one can make use of a collection of some thousand sheets without any key to its contents. And now, at last, in 1846, the members are called on by a circular letter to subscribe for the purpose of binding 800 volumes and 1,000 pamphlets, and mounting 3,510 maps and charts,—and to "maintain the library and maps in a condition consistent with the character of the Society and the wants of those who resort to it for information." This furnishes a significant commentary on the past employment of the Society's "own energy and means." Surely in these proceedings there is some want of candour as well as of good management.

The Royal Geographical Society rose rapidly at first, owing to what may be called its intrinsic merits, but its prosperity was soon marred by the negligence and incapacity of its rulers. Its annual vaunting too plainly announced the hollowness of its character. It shone so brightly,—its rays were shot so fiercely through a transparent atmosphere,—that the weather-wise had no difficulty in predicting the gathering of clouds. The Report for 1840 already awakens suspicion by the apparently needless assurance that "the state of the finances continues satisfactory;" and then, after referring to the outlay on certain Expeditions, it adds,—"it is gratifying to observe that these demands have been paid out of the annual income of the Society, which continues steadily to increase by the contribution of new members." Nevertheless it was found necessary in 1842 to sell out 1,000*l*. stock, chiefly to liquidate outstanding debts of former years; but to this unpalatable information was subjoined the remark,—"The Council have now, however, the satisfaction to announce that there is no outstanding demand against the Society, beyond the current expenses." Yet this consolatory statement was erroneous;—for the next year's Report tells of a further sale of stock, "to meet outstanding bills of former years."

But in 1846, when the Society was found to be sinking fast into bankruptcy, more of the truth came out. The accounts were then printed (thanks to the *Athenæum*, which extorted them); and it was seen that the Society had received in the first fifteen years of its career, above 27,000*l*.—or, deducting contributions made by Government and certain missionary bodies, above 25,000*l*. while, of this latter sum, the Council had expended 1,760*l*. on Expeditions and 1,130*l*. on the library: or in other words, it had laid out on the proper objects of the Society—geographical discovery and research—but a ninth part of the funds at its disposal, the greater part of the remainder being consumed in empty parade or on the Journal. This last item of loss is of itself an unanswerable proof of gross mismanagement.

When an extraordinary general meeting was called in April 1846, with the view of imposing a new tax on the subscribers, the Council remained silent and left the whole matter to the secretary, while he was pleased to ascribe the financial difficulties to the large arrears, amounting, as he declared, to 600*l*. At a second general meeting, in May, it was declared from the chair that there were no arrears whatever; but a fortnight later, at the anniversary meeting, they were set down at 400*l*. In order to see that the allegations made in April were without foundation, we have only to go back to the Report for 1841, where the arrears are set down at 279*l*.—a further sum of 176*l*. being considered as irrecoverable. In 1842, the arrears amounted to 235*l*. But in 1843 the want of money began to be keenly felt, and then we learn that on the 1st of January (that is, at the end of the financial year 1842) the arrears were 500*l*. The account of payments, however, in the same year, proves that no such increase of arrears could possibly have taken

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place. The distress increased, and in 1844 we are officially informed that "the arrears, though diminished, are still considerable, amounting on the 1st of January to 556*l*." Now, how could the arrears, appearing in the successive accounts as 279*l*., 235*l*., 506*l*., and 556*l*., be said in this last instance to have diminished? The answer is, they had diminished with reference to a sum of 678*l*., mentioned in the Report of 1841 as including arrears, subsequently paid or cancelled. Thus we see that cancelled claims and liquidated or abandoned arrears were revived in order to palliate the importunities of the Secretary and Council. And he it remembered that when these inconsistencies were pointed out to the general meeting, no explanation was vouchsafed.

For all this mismanagement the Council must be held responsible:—it is worth while, therefore, to examine the constitution of that body. When the Royal Geographical Society was established in 1830, resolutions were passed declaring the fundamental laws of the Society. The Council was to consist of twenty-nine members, of whom eight (one being a Vice-President) were to go out annually. These laws were afterwards amplified, furnished with details and extended into the code of regulations which, I believe, was never submitted in this extended form to a general meeting till 1846. It may be said indeed that its chief provisions had been approved of by a general meeting in the first instance. But unfortunately the amplifiers of the originally sanctioned laws destroyed their simplicity and essentially changed their spirit. For the plain expression "go out," as applied to the retiring members of Council, they substituted the ambiguous term "change;" which is now understood in two different significations in one and the same sentence—the changed Vice-President staying in, while the other changelings go out: and what is more important, they introduced the clause, respecting the retiring seven, that "they shall be selected by the Council." This clause completely subverts the prudent design of the original legislators, which evidently was, that eight members of the Council at least should go out annually; whereas now the Council have it in their power to say, *no more than seven shall go out*. Besides, when they determine who shall go out, they likewise decide who shall stay in; and as they have also added to their body the two trustees, permanent and unelected members, it follows that the Council nominates twenty-four out of the thirty-one members of which that body is composed. It has thus the whole power in its own hands, and the show of an election at the anniversary meeting is obviously a mere farce.

In the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, as in most bodies of the same kind, the power is really exercised by a few. Of the thirty-one members, there are twenty, I dare say, who rarely attend,—and there is perhaps not one who gives unremitting attention to the business of the Society. The whole power devolves therefore on some half dozen individuals, who, actuated by an habitual sense of their superiority, will not allow their authority to fall by lapse. These few choose, in fact, the Council; and if, among those associated with them, they find one unwilling to render them submissive and active homage, they get rid of him. Thus of the hundred and odd names which have figured on the Council from its commencement, not above eight are constant and immutable. The same parties who first took possession of the Society have remained its masters ever since. As these gentlemen are answerable in a peculiar degree for the Society's failure, it will be convenient to class them apart. We shall call them, therefore, the anti-geographical party, or,—for shortness, the anti-geographicals.

Under the administration of the Anti-geographicals the Royal Geographical Society, after a rapid development of remarkable vigour, has sunk, weakened and withered as if it had breathed an atmosphere of poison. Its active functions are, confessedly, at an end. Its Journal is reduced to some ten sheets of casual mediocrity; many of its most valuable members have seceded; and it has no longer any object but to raise revenue. In this state of affairs, the Anti-geographicals, who hold out encouragement to new members by raising the terms of admission, and think to diminish the loss on the Journal by lowering its value, will not candidly confess that they have erred.

They affect to trample (as they have too often done) all complaint and opposition in the dust. Nay, they have even the hardihood to vaunt of the Society's success; and, characteristically enough, they appeal to their "noble friends," the lords spiritual and temporal, who are ready to attest that the Royal Geographical Society is a most exquisite Society. Yet it is matter of notoriety that these gentlemen are quite conscious of their misdeeds:—and also that while, with apparent straightforwardness, they were defying or challenging the subscribers to turn them out, they meditated (and not very secretly) breaking up the Society in case of their being defeated by the general meeting; their principle being, that the Society shall exist in their hands or not at all. Nor is this all:—in alluding to the pecuniary loss likely to arise from the struggle of parties and internal dissensions, they uttered the ill-boding words, "we can afford it."

Much is said, at times, about the depressed state of the world of letters. But what are the friends of learning about? Why do not 65 out of the 650 members of the Royal Geographical Society present themselves at the anniversary meeting and ask the Council how they can justify the obstinate retention of power in the same hands which have held it, with such disastrous consequences, for eighteen years? It was hardly possible for human ingenuity to ruin the prospects of the Royal Geographical Society by any other means than by making it the property of a party. The challenge or invitation from the Anti-geographicals to "turn them out" is, assuredly, disingenuous. Those gentlemen, interpreting the laws which they have themselves dictated, feel quite secure. They can muster a council of thirty-one, supported by the thoughtless throng who are always ready to worship the party which is uppermost. The dissatisfied subscribers, on the other hand, can be brought to act unitedly only by means of agitation and appeals to the public—a course of proceeding not likely to gratify the feelings or raise the character of the Anti-geographicals. But as the latter leave the subscribers only the alternative of submitting to gross injustice or of resorting to harsh measures, they must bear the blame themselves if they feel hurt hereafter.

But should the Anti-geographicals say, with seeming candour, What can we do?—my reply is, "You can resign; you can do that which the first councils in the nation would do under similar circumstances. Eighteen years is a long period for the continuance of a most disastrous administration, and it would be dangerous to reckon farther on the patience and forbearance of the subscribers. By resigning you will prevent agitation, you will extinguish animosities, you will obviate the necessity of laying bare the history of the Society and of examining critically your own pretensions. You will show your regard for delicacy by ceasing to take advantage of it—and put an end to the spectacle of a body of gentlemen endeavouring to hold the interests of learning subordinate to considerations of personal importance. This you can do:—but you cannot break up the Society or sacrifice the interests intrusted to your care unless you are prepared to sacrifice at the same time your character as men of honour. As for the Society, it is not yet too late for it to enter on a useful and honourable career. Relieved of the load of patronage under which it has hitherto groaned, it will spring up instantaneously with energy and spirit. Mutual confidence and hearty co-operation will be the immediate fruits of recovered liberty. And as for yourselves, you will have an opportunity of enjoying an honour hitherto unknown to you—namely, that of being (not self-appointed, but) elected by your fellows. And as it cannot be supposed that men of education and ability in your station of life would allow the petty mortification arising from some sacrifice of vanity to blind them to the general interests of mankind, I have no doubt that, having fully proved by a trial of eighteen years your inability to direct the operations of an institution founded under the most favourable auspices, you will sincerely rejoice at having found at last an opportunity of rendering a substantial service to the cause of truth and knowledge—by resigning!"

I am, &c., F. R. G. S.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE new Commission under the Great Seal for inquiry into the constitution, management, &c. of the British Museum having been issued, the Commissioners assembled there yesterday for the despatch of business. The number of the Commissioners has been increased to fourteen by the addition of Lord Canning, Lord Seymour, and Mr. John Shaw Lefevre, brother to the Speaker: the quorum, on the other hand, has been reduced from five to three,—so that now any three Commissioners will be competent to carry on the investigation. Hitherto, as we have formerly stated, some delay and difficulty has been occasioned by requiring the attendance of five out of the small number of eleven Commissioners. We conclude that the whole body will, if possible, attend, in order that the utmost weight may be given to the proceedings; as the eyes of the public are directed to the Commissioners, in the confidence that they will search into and correct the many defects—not to call some of them abuses—of the establishment.

The fifty-ninth Anniversary of the Literary Fund was held on Wednesday last at the Freemasons' Tavern—the Duke of Northumberland presiding. In the course of his address to the Meeting, the Chairman said that in virtue of his office "he had seen the list of those to whom from time to time relief had been administered, and it was with astonishment that he found names in that list which every student must acknowledge as the fond familiar companions of his library,—authors from whom they had all derived instruction, delight and amusement. Many a distinguished author from all parts of the world had acknowledged with gratitude the benefits conferred by the Royal Literary Fund; and it must be a source of gratification to the subscribers to reflect that their means and aid had alleviated the bodily and mental sufferings of so many who had devoted their lives to the cause of truth and to diffuse knowledge throughout the world." The Report stated that during last year 1,230*l*. had been given in 38 grants to authors—in history and biography (3), theology and biblical literature (2), science (3), topography and travels (6), classical learning and education (4), poetry (9), essays and tales (4), the drama (3), medicine (3), and law (1);—of whom 26 were male and 12 female authors. A considerable subscription was announced, headed by 100 guineas from the Queen:—and Lord Hardinge was declared as Chairman for the next year.—We have, as usual, confined ourselves, in this notice of the Meeting, to a mere summary of the proceedings proper to the occasion: but as Dr. Russell, who acted for the Treasurers, travelled somewhat beyond the record to refer to certain disputed points—such as the irresponsibility of the Committee and the economy of the management—offering to answer any questions which might be put to him, when it was clear he could not expect that the harmony of a convivial meeting was to be interrupted by any questioning instituted there and then—we may possibly avail ourselves of his offer on a more fitting occasion. Should we think it desirable to do so, we shall need some amount of available space—and for to-day the doings of the Royal Geographical Society have somewhat narrowed our usual limits.

The members of the Archaeological Institute ate their Third Anniversary Dinner on Tuesday last at the Thatched House Tavern,—the President (the Bishop of Norwich) in the chair. The next annual provincial visit, our readers already know, is to be to Lincoln—and we may add that the excursion will take place on the 25th of June. Upwards of two hundred members, it was stated at the Annual General Meeting, have been added to the Society during the past year—the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Earl of Yarborough, Lord Hastings, and Lord Beaumont being among the number.—The York volume of the Institute is now complete; and the Norwich volume will be ready for delivery during the present year.

It will be useful to our readers to know that the authorities of the Post Office have extended the privileges of the new postal arrangements,—as we expressed our conviction that they would on the matter being duly represented to them by the press. The notice consists of two items henceforth applicable to any

printed book, magazine, review, pamphlet, &c., now, in accordance with the recently granted boon, transmitted to any part of the United Kingdom on the terms already announced in this journal. 1. The name and address of the sender may be written or printed upon or in the said book, magazine, &c., so sent, or on the envelope, in addition to the name and address of the person to whom it is sent. 2. Any other writing may be on any leaf of any such book, &c., so sent or on the binding thereof, providing that all such writing be on one and the self-same page of the book, &c., or upon the corresponding portion of the binding.—These concessions seem to meet the obvious requirements of the case. The boon to the writing and reading public will be very considerable; and at the same time we have little doubt that an increase of postal revenue will be the result. The experiment points to still further developments in the same department of the public service. The notice concludes by stating that the existing regulations so far as they are not affected by these concessions, must be strictly adhered to, and the privileges now granted in no way exceeded, otherwise the packet will be charged as a letter and treated as such in all respects.

In compliance with the new statutes promulgated with a view to raising the qualification of members of the Royal Society, the Council have made their selection (by ballot) of fifteen from among the list of candidates for admission:—and Friday the 9th of June is appointed for the election, and for the delivery of the President's address. The ballot has been favourable to the improved views of membership which are gaining ground: as some of the names in the following list will show—"good" scientific "men and true." George Bishop, Esq., the Rev. James Challis, Capt. Henry Clerk, R.A., William Ferguson, Esq., Robert Were Fox, Esq., Capt. Henry James, R.E., Dr. Robert Gordon Latham, M.D., Capt. John Henry Lefroy, R.A., James Ormiston M'William, M.D., Thomas Oldham, Esq., Lyon Playfair, Esq., Ph.D., Robert Porrett, Esq., John Stenhouse, Esq., Ph.D., James Syme, Esq., and Allen Thomson, M.D.—We may add to the above that the Council of the Society have adopted a resolution for putting the Earl of Rosse—as we anticipated—in nomination for the vacant Presidency. The resolution is, of course, made conditional on his Lordship's consent; but we presume the Council have not proceeded thus far without having made themselves pretty sure of his inclination on the subject.

Lord Ellesmere has forwarded to the Secretary of King's College, London, a donation of 500*l.* for the Hospital attached to that Institution; expressing, in the letter which accompanied the gift, his opinion that money may be more usefully applied towards the assistance of existing institutions than to the foundation of others.

Surrounded by a host of selfish or ill-informed assailants, Lord Morpeth's Public Health Bill progresses slowly in the Legislature. The great lawgiver of the East had a passion for perfumes:—the tastes of our lawgivers would appear to be developed in a contrary direction. To the fine sensibilities of the former, even the incense-laden airs of Araby the Blest sometimes needed purification:—our less fastidious judges find the atmospheres of Lambeth and Westminster, spiced and impregnated as they are by the rich aroma from the Thames, fragrant and delicious. Some of them do so, at least:—others there are who cannot juggle themselves into the notion that the ill-drained marshes under the Archbishop's palace and the fever-haunted alleys and courts in the vicinity of the Abbey are the safest environments in the world. But inveterate prejudice and a misunderstood self-interest will blind men to the most open suggestions of science and humanity. A malignant fever is now busy within a stone's-throw of the Houses of Parliament,—yet the anti-sanitarians will not take its warning. Amongst the few liberal members who oppose this measure—and they are very few in the House, fewer still, we apprehend, in the country,—the only objection is that it tends to centralize power and place additional patronage in the hands of Government. There is scarcely any objection of mere policy which should not give way before the necessities of this healing measure. But, in truth, the offices to be created will be few, and none of them sinecures. Though they must have some, they will

consequently not have much, political value. The means of ministerial corruption lie rather in old than in new employments. Historically and socially, we have all a strong leaning towards municipal institutions; but for certain purposes of social economy, the present complicated distribution of powers in some thousands of almost irresponsible hands is notoriously objectionable. There are, obviously, some things which can be done cheaply and efficiently only when unity of effort is brought to bear upon them. The Post Office is an example:—sanitary regulations would come into the same category. In such cases, centralization—unity of purpose—is indispensable to success; and, we submit, is perfectly in accordance with all the habits and sentiments of our national life. The word centralization may be new to us: the idea is old as King Alfred—older. We have always been an organized, a united race. The capacity to combine individual efforts for the consummation of a general good is one of the chief elements of our greatness as a people. This aggregating tendency rendered us a nation while all the rest of Europe was broken up into semi-hostile provinces—while France, Spain and Russia were what Germany, Italy, Austria and Turkey are now, or were until recently. It is idle, therefore, to talk of the Public Health Bill violating English political ideas and sympathies. But, in reality, as Lord Morpeth remarked in the debate on Friday night, his bill rather tends to augment than to counteract the principle of local activity. It gives to ninety-two towns now destitute of local powers authority to cleanse, light and drain themselves. To 158 places now possessing various and conflicting powers it would give a simple and definite authority for the same purposes. But a guiding and directing board is necessary. The nation must be served by competent and responsible persons—and this conservatism of public health is eminently a national concern. No town-council in England would be worse, and there are few that would not be greatly bettered, by acting in these matters under advice and direction from such men as Mr. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAPALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* JOHN PRESQUIT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, FLEET STREET.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.* JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA. NEW EXHIBITION at the DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT ETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects:—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR of ST. MARK'S at VENICE, under two effects:—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 2*s.*; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

SOYERS'S PHILANTHROPIC GALLERY, 290, REGENT STREET.—SOYERS'S PHILANTHROPIC PICTURE EXHIBITION, for the BENEFIT of the POOR of the METROPOLIS, WILL OPEN ON TUESDAY NEXT, the 18th inst.—The Paintings will consist of the much admired works of the celebrated Artist, the late Madame Soyer, and the proceeds, it is proposed, to add to the Subscription Fund now in the Union Bank, Argyle-street, for the purpose of establishing a Parochial Kitchen in each destitute district in London, before the next winter, similar to the one in the parish of the Rev. Joseph Brown, St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, by which upwards of 500 persons are daily assisted at a trifling cost. No pictures on Sale.—Admission, 1*s.*; Children 6*d.*

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT STREET, is now RE-OPENED, with the addition of a Spacious Theatre, and Galleries. Specimens of Art-Manufactures are greatly increased. Vast improvements have been effected in the Optical Department. Popular Lectures by Dr. RYAN and Dr. BACHOFNER on CHEMISTRY and EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY. A Description of the DEPOSITED WORKS by Mr. CRISP. Experiments with the Diver and Diving Bell. The Music is conducted by Dr. Wallis.—Open daily from Eleven till Five; and in the Evenings, including Saturday, from Seven till Half-past Ten.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—May 3.—Sir H. T. De la Beche in the chair.—J. Dorrington, Esq., was elected a Fellow. A paper 'On the Development of the Permian System in Saxony,' as communicated by Prof. Naumann to Sir Roderick Murchison, was read. In an introductory notice Sir R. Murchison stated the grounds on which he had been induced to adopt the term Permian as the designation of a great system intermediate between the Trias and the Carboniferous group; and the reasons for which he still preferred it to the name of Zechstein, by which one member of it has long been known in Germany, and which L. von Buch had proposed for the whole group. Prof. Naumann describes his discovery of the same

formation, in the vicinity of Oschatz, where it contains the *Calamites gigas* and ferns, like those of the true Permian, together with similar genera of fossil fish; and in all its relations approaches much more to the Russian than to the Thuringian formation of the same age.

'On Changes of Climate resulting from Changes in the Earth's Axis of Rotation,' by Sir J. Lubbock. The author pointed out certain conditions, not considered by Laplace, in which it was possible for a change in the earth's axis to take place. Thus, if the axis of rotation did not coincide with the axis of figure, and the surface was to experience any friction or resistance, then the pole of the axis of rotation would describe a spiral round the pole of the axis of figure, until finally it became identical with it. He also considered those changes which might result from dislocations of the strata from cooling, which he thought might also produce some change in the earth's axis of rotation.

'An Elucidation of the successive Changes of Temperature and the Levels of the Oceanic Waters upon the Earth's Surface, in Harmony with Geological Evidence,' by Wm. D. Saull, Esq. The author from an investigation of matter in its various forms, proposed a new view of the nature of light and heat. He also stated that the poles of the earth are not fixed and invariable in position, as astronomers generally suppose, but have a constant motion; and from the combination of these causes he deduced a new theory of the alternations of climate and the changes in the relative level of sea and land observed by geologists.

LINNEAN.—April 18.—T. Horsfield, Esq., M.D. in the chair.—Mr. Newport read a continuation of his third memoir on the anatomy of *Meloë*.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 5.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. R. Hunt, 'On the Electricity of Mineral Lodes.' Having defined a mineral lode as a fissure extending along a considerable tract of country which has in process of time become filled with various substances, both metallic and non-metallic, Mr. Hunt proceeded to examine the evidences of electrical agency to which the peculiar order of arrangement found in these fissures had been referred. The three theories held most worthy of notice were:—1st. That mineral lodes were formed contemporaneously with the rocks in which they were found. 2nd. That into fissures, previously existing, mineral matter was sublimated from great depths below the earth's surface. The connexion of mineral lodes with the elvan courses and other rocks of igneous origin was adduced to sustain this hypothesis. 3rd. That fissures were filled by substances deposited from aqueous solution. Electricity has been regarded as the active agent in effecting mineral deposits. The conditions of the prevailing rocks in mining districts was especially described in reference to that hypothesis. In Cornwall—our most extensive mining-field—these rocks are granite, killas, greenstone, and elvan. These substances were shown to be non-conductors of electricity; and Mr. Hunt stated, that though he had exposed these rocks to conditions resembling those which prevail in nature, he had never been able to obtain evidence of any electrical excitement. With respect to Cornwall, it is impossible not to remark that the direction of almost all the mineral lodes is from N.E. to S.W. It was also observable that in most cases, where the direction of the lodes varied, the nature of their mineral contents was also found to be different. It was evident that some cause determining the condition of the rocks affected the order and quality of mineral deposits. In Cornwall, the productive lodes were found to be in the immediate proximity of the granite hills. The prevalent copper ore of Cornwall is copper pyrites (a double sulphuret of copper and iron); but in the St. Just district, near the granite, slate and greenstone alternate in a very remarkable manner; and where the direction of the lodes is slightly different from those in other parts of the country, the grey copper ore (sulphuret of copper) prevails. The peculiar uniformity found in many mineral lodes, which exhibit metallic ores alternating with quartz, baryta, and other earthy crystals, is referable to an influence analogous to that of voltaic electricity. Mr. Hunt referred to the above as the principal facts adduced

MR. EDWARDS'S INTERESTS IN THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY, &c.

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by those who ascribed mineral formations to electrical agency. Mr. R. W. Fox, having traced electric currents flowing through the copper lodes of Cornwall, regarded them as indications of the great currents held by Ampère to traverse the earth from east to west. The same gentleman had, by processes formed on this theory, caused clay to laminate, and had formed an artificial mineral vein. Mr. Hunt had obtained similar results from the same experiments. In the Cornish mines, when wires were connected either with two dissimilar lodes or with two portions of a dislocated lode (in which, between the points of separation, clay or quartz were interposed), voltaic currents, sufficiently powerful to effect electro-chemical decomposition, had been detected. In this way iodide of potassium, chloride of gold, and sulphate of copper had been decomposed. Iron had been rendered magnetic; and by Mr. R. W. Fox an electrotypic plate had been obtained merely from the electricity derived from two mineral lodes. Notwithstanding these evidences, the facts that some lodes of sulphuret of lead and copper did not afford any indications of currents, and that the quantity of electricity was exceedingly different, even in those lodes which were capable of affecting the galvanometer, led Mr. Hunt to conclude that the voltaic currents observed were rather indications of local chemical action than of any general electrical influence. Many experiments were mentioned which went to support this view. At the same time, it was thought that the peculiar conditions in which cobalt, nickel, and some other of the rarer minerals were found, evidently indicated the agency of electricity; and it was probable that this electricity was derived from the chemical action going on within the neighbouring rocks. Although, adopting the theory of Ampère, there was some experimental evidence which appeared to render it probable that the electricity circulating around the earth might be active in producing the phenomena of mineral lodes, Mr. Hunt thought the evidence which had been obtained of electrical currents circulating with metallic lodes was in favour of regarding them as merely local influences. Without denying the probable truth of the general theory of electrical action in these mineral phenomena, he thought a much more extensive experimental investigation must be made before it could be received as an ascertained fact.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. British Architects, 8, P.M.
- Tue. Zoological, 7.
- Statistical, 8.
- Wed. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.
- Geo. Geological, half-past 8.
- Ethnological, 8.—On the Migration of the Ancient Mexicans and their Analogy to the existing Indian Tribes of Northern Mexico, by G. V. Buxton, Esq.
- Society of Arts, 8.—General Meeting.
- Literary Fund, 3.
- Iran. Antiquities, 8.
- Royal, half-past 8.
- Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Rev. E. Sydney 'On the Motion of the Sap in Flowering Plants connected with the Nutrition of Flowering Parasites.'

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Edwin Landseer's *Sketch of his Father* (85) interests on more than one account. Something is due to the interest with which we regard the ancestor of a great artist: but we have here, besides, the form and lineaments of one of the ablest engravers of his day, who adds to that merit great literary attainments. Mr. John Landseer's name is associated with much of erudite investigation into oriental and other antiquities. The painter, animated by his theme, has produced a study expressing, by one of his most dexterous and powerful manifestations, the very form and impress of the man. *Pincher, the property of Montague Gore, Esq.* (48) is another presentment of one of those canine physiognomies for which this artist is wholly unapproached. A magnificent study of *An old Cover Hack, the property of R. Heathcote, Esq.* (229) testifies in every portion at once to Mr. Landseer's knowledge and observation of whatever comes under his hand to depict and to his consummate mastery over all the artistic appliances needful for the purpose. As to *Alexander and Diogenes* (208),—if anything can reconcile us to seeing Art employed in representing a high moral, it must be such a success as Mr. Landseer's. The satire contained in the study of the aged cynic is happily conveyed through

the medium of the old terrier—whose eye and mouth are as true to their classification as a Lavater could desire; while the representative of the Macedonian hero is a more exaggerated travesty. The Court is satirized to perfection; the little bit of scandal which takes place on the right hand, the servility of the parasites, and the almost flunkeyism expressed in the attendant hounds with upturned heads of ineffable hypocrisy, are all hit off with matchless art. And here we cannot but notice a certain marked change and diversity of handling,—as if to evade the obviousness of those who aspire to be, in the mere letter, imitators of Mr. Landseer's style. Some indications here and there bespeak increased largeness of touch and facility in the movement of the pencil, where the expression of the surface and direction of the hair are to be obtained. This is very particularly observable in the picture under notice—and the imitators are, we suspect, more than ever distanced. There are passages in this respect here that quite throw into shade all of the kind that Mr. Landseer has produced,—marvellous as that has been. The power by which this artist has so often made eloquent the sufferings and privations of brute nature were never employed with more effect than in *A Random Shot* (403).

Full many a shot at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May hurt or heal a heart half broken.

The unoffending doe who lies death-stricken on the snowy slope, while at her dug the fawn still seeks its wonted nourishment, are presented with a truth that is exaggerated into painfulness. There is wonderful power of the pencil here. It is a homily to the sporting world more eloquent than sermons or books,—and a warning in all probability more effectual than Acts of Parliament. To all its details the artist has brought the full resources of his art. That chilling and most unpromising of elements for the painter's purpose has, by an ingenious choice of time and the colouring facilities which it afforded, being made reconcilable to harmonious purpose,—while it greatly heightens the ghastly sentiment of the whole. All the accidents belonging to the cause and scene of death have, in Mr. Landseer's hands, aided in the distribution of colour and tint and the attainment of harmonious result. Like the episode in the well-known print of Marc Antonio after Raffaele, and in the Poussin in our National Gallery—each of which presents, amid a scene of the plague, a child clinging to the breast of its dead mother—the horrors of the incident are enhanced by the truth of the representation which records it. The effect of the declining sun on the snow—always a circumstance of beauty—is here rendered with the greatest truth and ability.

Ill health has, we fear, operated to the prejudice of the present Exhibition in the person of Mr. Etty. His principal work *St. John* (404) "Him that crieth from the wilderness, Repent ye," though grand in design and in respect of colour more especially so, will scarcely satisfy as an embodiment of the ascetic preacher. Viewed simply as a study of the colour of human form with its contrast of background and accessory tone, it evinces once more the artist's knowledge of harmony derived from long experience. These are, however, better displayed in the little circular study entitled *La Fleur de Lis*—a most brilliant arrangement, where all the physical characteristics of harmony are evoked out of the chromatic scale. These are repeated, though in lower tones, in a group of captives, *By the Waters of Babylon* (188). In both these pictures the charms of colour have engaged the artist's attention more than the individualities and niceties of form. The reader of sacred Scripture will recognize a Jewish study in *Aaron, the High Priest of Israel* (215) if not an embodiment of the requirements proper to the illustration of this chief of sacerdotal functionaries. The details are distinguished by a truth so conspicuous and pre-eminent as to divide attention,—and on reflection to induce regret that the personification of human character should be less fully exemplified than the accessory magnificence. A study of colour in objects of *Still Life* is a subject of small amount, but dignified by the magic of Art. At a glance we have the whole gist and essence of the chromatic value of combination brought before us in a grand and broad style, expressed without artifice or fatigue and

without insisting on trivialities in detail—put down in a species of stenography, but perfectly revealing the characteristics of each object—observed with the eye of the scientific arranger of hues, and dashed in with the nicety of calculation for effect of a hand long practised and obedient.

One of the best portraits in the Exhibition is that entitled *My Mother* (167), by Mr. T. F. Dicksee. It is simple and unpretending in character—and vigorously drawn. The hands are quite a study for their truth; and while we are assured of the general faithfulness by the individuality, the picture has all the painter's art. One of the best presentments of female form, again, is Mr. F. R. Say's portrait of *Mrs. Shafte Adair* (151)—exhibiting a good style of colour and graceful and lady-like action. The artist has been equally successful in an infantine study of *Viscount Borington* (177); and the portrait of *Miss Johnstone* (261), though small, is a further evidence of his talents. A capital *Group of Children* is 520. Least to our taste is the portrait of *His Serene Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha* (589)—wanting in finish and delicacy. Another of our younger portrait painters, Mr. H. W. Phillips, has contributed a very interesting half figure of *Henry A. Layard* (172), the recent discoverer in Nineveh. It is painted in costume,—and shows the artist as no unworthy descendant of the late distinguished portrait painter and professor of the Academy. The portrait of *William Brockedon* (239), by the same hand, is an excellent resemblance; and *A Portrait* (375) is a good study of character.

Mr. Clarkson Stanfield is the contributor of no less than five pictures recording scenes of foreign travel, and all marked by those qualities which distinguish him from every competitor. Italy has chiefly furnished employment for his pencil this year. The first picture, however, numerically considered, is *The Bridge of St. Benezet, Avignon, looking towards Villeneuve* (166). It is full of interesting detail. The distant machicolated tower and castellated fortress and varied landscape are all excellent materials—aided much by the reality which Mr. Stanfield has thrown into the right-hand corner, where a group of horses are attached to a boat in which they are about to draw on shore timber which has been lying in the water to season. The horses, and indeed all the details, are drawn with great care. *Amalfi* (217) is a noble scene on a coast which is unsurpassed in the Mediterranean for variety of situation. It has all the elements for a grand composition: the stately forms of the aspiring rocks which form its background,—the great martello tower on the right—the perspective leading the eye down to the church and its campanile, and on to the remainder of the town built close along the shore and by the side of the natural rock. The water is bold in form and remarkable: light is reflected into the forms of its curling waves—the buoyancy of which Mr. Stanfield's art has never gone beyond. The manipulative portions of the picture are done with the painter's accustomed adroitness—whether seen in the capital texture imparted to the nearest tower or in the remote distance so aerially expressed. In *Mola di Gaeta, from the Appian Way* (370), we have an Italian city built on the water's edge. We look from the suburbs into one of its gates, and possibly into its main street or *corso*. The picture is full of incident. In its highly picturesque foreground it has been much assisted by a group of tired peasants on the left, gaily attired in their many-coloured costumes. A shepherd with his dog is driving onwards his flock, in which are many party-coloured rams. The passing figures that populate the picture reveal all the characteristic incidents of traffic and intercourse belonging to such a locality. Men are driving laden mules into the gates—monks are gossiping together—oxen, detached from their waggons, are resting and feeding—women are talking with sailors who have just laid up their boats. Craft of various kinds that crowd the harbour give animation to the whole. Were we critically disposed, we might regret that in the horizontal line of water to the left and its mass down to the foreground there is not more of gradation—more flatness as well as space would have been the consequence. In *On the Cornice* (586) a picturesque and richly-coloured castle, powerfully illumined, makes the foreground object. The tide comes in on the beach,—where fishing people are surrounded by eod

and smaller fish, the result of their day's occupation. A shrimper connects the forms of these with the craft that ride in the offing—whose tackle and gear are beautifully drawn. The headlands, of different scale and finely receding, from their excellent treatment give space to the picture. *Ancona* (590) presents one of those ruined arches which bespeak the domination of the ancient Roman and preserve the excellent colour of the time-stained marble. The Adriatic is seen in the distance—fishing boats coming in. The foreground is rich in texture and detail. The boats high and dry on the beach and the tranquil water all bespeak Mr. Stanfield's consummate skill and acquaintance with his own peculiar subject.

The occupations of Mr. Eastlake are so manifold and laborious that little time seems left for his appearance here. He has one picture—*An Italian Peasant Family on their way to a Village Festival—Prisoners with Banditti* (92)—a repetition, with some change, of a popular print, from a picture by himself, which has appeared in one of our serial publications. The work, whose title is its best description, is one of a class for which the painter's long residence in Italy well qualified him, and which early gained him reputation and patronage. In other hands, the same materials, alluring by their picturesqueness of forms or colours, have degenerated into mere pretexts for the production of costume pictures unredeemed by feeling and uninteresting from the absence of vitality. The spirit of imitation thus applied has filled our exhibition-rooms with bold and uninviting combinations—while it has had the more ruinous consequence of turning the English student in Italy to the study of accidental circumstance in preference to making acquaintance with the great monuments of Art which form the main and legitimate inducements to travel. In Mr. Eastlake's own hands, such details have been a means to an end. The present picture can, however, as we have said, only be regarded as a repetition of its predecessors—most elaborately wrought—somewhat wanting in vigour of touch to give it freedom of look in outline and surface.

There is a little picture by Mr. C. H. Lear, *The Doubtful Document* (164), which bespeaks a good feeling for Art. It has character, breadth, and colour that express greater originality and power than we have ever before seen from his hands. A second picture by the same artist, *A Tale of Wonder* (525) is placed too high to judge properly of its merits. From what can be seen of it, we think it might have had a better place. Mr. W. Havell's *Mill Weir and River Dee, Llangollen* (190), gives an excellent representation of such light as the sun flings down on a landscape by his meridian rays. This is rendered with so much mastery as to atone for an otherwise monotonous tendency which the landscape has—wanting in the immediate foreground objects of more sharpness. The large landscape of *Mont Blanc, from near Cormageur, Val d'Aosta* (12), by Mr. G. A. Frispiess is a locality one of high interest; but here it is resolved into such distinct masses of hot and cold colour, and so wanting in intermediate tints to reconcile them to each other, as to raise the imputation of want of fidelity. Yet there is in the picture much clever and dexterous painting taken simply in the sense of brush handling.

Among those of our younger men who have made progress Mr. Frith is one of the foremost. He has three works. The principal illustrates one of the prejudices of a by-gone age. *An Old Woman accused of having bewitched a Peasant Girl; the Scene is supposed to take place before a Country Justice—temp. James I.* (395).—

She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought.

We are introduced in tapestried hall, lighted by oriel window, not to the sleek Justice "with good capon lined," but to the "lean and slipped" administrator of initiative justice, ready to make out a *mittimus* on the slightest pretext or occasion. He is an aristocratic magistrate in all the consciousness of his function. By his side, his busy official is taking down the deposition earnestly made by the mother of the girl, who ascribes her daughter's wasting and wan-like look to the spells of the poor half-witted and scared old woman the subject of indignation and inquiry. This melancholy has been caused by witchery more potent

than that of the black cat which a sturdy yeoman holds up; and the good-looking young forester in Lincoln green, with his stout deerhound by his side, betrays in his glance the real cause of the disturbed mind of the heroine of the piece—the crouching girl on whose shoulder is laid the protecting hand of her aged sire who seeks the sympathy of justice. All the episodes are equally well told. In all the varieties of age, character, and condition, Mr. Frith has put forth his best strength—and with a fluency that forbids the idea of effort. The picture looks a spontaneous effusion of the painter's mind, and the same facility pervades alike design and execution. While the colour is rich, it is not gay; and the various costumes, interior, pictures, and accompaniments are all subdued to the grave and decorous character of the place and time. *A Stage Coach Adventure in 1750—Scene, Bagshot Heath* (573).—

Fie! a soldier and a fear'd—takes us back to a time when locomotion was thought swift at five miles per hour and Peel's police had not been dreamt of. A highwayman in crape mask demands money or their lives of the inmates of a public vehicle. In the selection of these inmates for a tableau, Mr. Frith has thrown together such characters as prove him susceptible of broad humour. The soldier on whose shoulder the delicate girl faints in terror, while he degrades not only his cloth but his manhood, is a Major Sturgeon of his class. He is absorbed in care for his own preservation, and heeds no claim on his professional valour. The Quaker who sits opposite is busy in hiding his pelf; while an aged woman on his right yields up her purse in the agony of her terror. All the other incidents make out the story—even to the relic of mortality dangling on the gibbet in the extreme distance, which forms a capital moral and fitting prognostic of the fate that awaits the principal actor in the piece. Everything is made out with judgment and taste—if we except that we have some difficulty in discerning that the interior is that of a public conveyance, and the whole is conveyed without vulgarity. *The Scene from the Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (591) is a very refined representation of one of Molière's most comic scenes—into which Mr. Frith has thrown burlesque, elegance, and beauty. There are, besides, a sweetness of tone, and in the selection of the colour a freshness of character that make this an agreeable variety in his practice. Taken together, these three pictures will add much to the artist's reputation.

No more impressive picture is in the entire Exhibition than that which Mr. Danby entitles *The Evening Gun—a Calm on the Shore of England* (595). The golden orb as he has dipped into the sea has left his solemn dyes in the partial clouds that dapple the serene sky. The gradation from warm to cool colour is managed with the greatest skill—the blending and uniting of these being one of the highest difficulties in Art. The distinct forms of the frigate's yards and gear, pronounced in their dark and sharpened contours, give light and space; and these forms are reflected into water on which there is scarcely a ripple and over which the smoke has just accompanied the signal's flash. The vivid colour which the parting sun has left is reflected into the water. Painting the phenomena of Nature, Mr. Danby has perhaps sometimes been led too far in the search for singularity:—he has never been more happy than now in the choice of his subject—and his picture is a feature of its kind among the productions of the English School.

Mr. Horsley has two portraits to be remarked for vigour of style and manliness of character. That of *I. K. Brunel, Esq.* (353) is a veritable rendering of a physiognomy impressed with enterprise and sagacity—and it is executed in a free and spirited manner. In the *Portrait of R. B. Ward, Esq.* (56) he has made much of a difficult sitter.—But Mr. Horsley should not be detained from the walks of imagination. These literalities are but indications of what he can do when engaged on matters of fancy.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The largest drawing here of the human form is by Mr. Frederick Taylor, *An Interior of a Highland Larder—Weighing the Stag* (146). Admirable materials in the way of the picturesque are displayed, and good incident in the situation of the principal figure who is weighing in the ponderous

scales a dead deer—though his pose can scarcely be said to justify the heavy weights which he lifts. The figure looks insecure. The picture is full of excellent painting—in the delineation of human and animal form, the living and the dead; but there is want of grouping in the forms themselves, the figures being seen in equidistant actions, and want of focal interest in the light and shade, which if distributed with more economy would have distinguished the essential points of the composition and given value to its pictorial effect. Of all that relates to executive power Mr. Taylor has acquitted himself with his accustomed success. *Harvest Time—Lowlands of Scotland* (235) shows young gleemen in a cart returning home with the golden grain just gathered. Contrasted with the white horse is a bull—carrying out the design in variety of forms and colour. A good scene is that where *The Baron of Bradwardine takes Waverley out Roebuck Hunting* (260): and full of joy and fun is *A Happy Scene in the Highlands* (275) where boys and girls are dancing round a piper, inspired by his strains. *A Hawking Party going out* (294) is an elegant version of the sport—the figures well costumed. Another—*Hawking Party feeding the Falcon after the Flight* (304) is in the same style, and even more beautifully executed. But the most charming of this artist's present contributions is the drawing of *Scottish Peasants returning from Market* (326)—a subject like old Berghem's, but without a taint of imitation of that master. It is admirably grouped, well drawn, and with one tone it is difficult to give in any other material. *A Sporting Scene* (336).—

Oh! listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn—

well shows the action and bustle which attend the sports of the field.—Mr. Taylor's loose and free style of handling lending to such themes a quality eminently descriptive. He has displayed his talents this year on subjects of ordinary as well as on those of refined life to great advantage.

In architectural delineation Mr. Prout is again in the advanced post. To him we look for recollections of those cities which during the travels of our youth made their enduring impressions on our minds—enabling us to retrace the once trodden ground. *Washing Scene at Nuremberg* (83) brings vivify before us the locality where Durer plied his arts—for they were various: and a *Market Place at Strasbourg* (93) is an equally powerful transcript. We have never seen Mr. Prout achieve better things. His *View of the Bridge of Sighs, Venice* (25) is a new aspect of it, seen under a well-managed effect. A very sweet bit is (34) at *Ober Lahnstein*, on the Rhine; and at *Nieder Lahnstein*, on the same river, (136), is another even more picturesque. *The Sigh's Temple at Tirol* (185) was hardly so good a subject.—Mr. Prout's style being better adapted to convey Gothic than Classic architecture. Of the mixed style—that is to say, the Italian and Gothic—a good specimen is *The Cloisters at St. Paul's, Rome* (212), faithfully given. Of domestic architecture, there are some picturesque Gothic-fronted houses with gateway in 229, *At Mechlin*. One of Mr. Prout's best small drawings is a *Corner of the Ducal Palace, Venice* (274)—capitally drawn. Equally so, and picturesque withal, is *The Palais du Prince, Liège* (315); and *A la Barbe Blanc at Tours* (323) and *La Bourse, Antwerp* (342) are among the most prominent in merit of a series of contributions by one who in his particular department may be said to have originated a style unsurpassed in other countries for precision and truth.

Mr. Evans, of Eton, again indulges in the record of Scottish sports:—the deer-stalkers have furnished him occupation in three drawings. In *Highland Spearfing, Glen Tilt* (27), he has noted down all the circumstances of such a scene in a highly effective style—and made his materials productive of qualities of surface and texture which, while they give agreeable relief to the eye, sacrifice nothing of the truth of nature. We like better, however, his *Crossing the Tilt* (79)—because it is more complete in all respects. A party is returning home; the white pony leading on through the river, laden with the spoils of the day and wading with well-adapted action. In his rear, the leash of hounds, drawn through, form excellent points in the interest. This is perhaps one of Mr. Evans's masterpieces. In *What does it*

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weight, *Sandy* (202) highlanders are about grollicking a deer, as is customary, in the presence of the person who shot him. The picture is full of just action and tells its tale: but in the sense of completeness it will not bear comparison with the last mentioned. The three drawings, however, go to add another to the many confirmations of Mr. Evans's skill in the treatment of such subjects. Mr. Lake Price's two studies make us regret that he should not come out here in full force. *The View of Florence from the Uffizj* (56) has an almost Daguerreotype truth. *Genoa, looking towards Porto Fino* (76) is in the same quality no degree inferior.

The pains which Mr. Stephanoff has taken in an *Interior of a Gallery of Paintings, containing some of the finest specimens of the Italian, Venetian, Dutch and Flemish Schools* (201) we would fain see rewarded by some solid approbation. It required talents of no mean order to transcribe from such a variety of styles and subjects anything like such an amount of truth as should make the respective masters recognizable at a glance. This Mr. Stephanoff has done. It were to be desired that he had, in addition, introduced some incident where figures in mass of light on dark—the latter more especially—might have set off and given value to the gay hues which crimsoned wall and gilded frame present to so large an extent.

The several studies which Mr. Oakley exhibits—chiefly of country people or gipsies—express decision of hand in drawing and in colour. *Buy my Spring Flowers* (2)—*Caught in a Shower* (4)—*Flowers and Wares for the Townfolk* (41)—*A Fisher Boy* (131) *Gipsy Pastime* (171)—and *The Gipsy Grandmother* (216) are among the more noticeable studies by this artist.

To particularize excellencies in the numerous and marvellous imitations of fruit and flowers with which Mr. Hunt has crowded the walls is to name almost every individual example that he has sent. The imitations are perfect; and they are done with a boldness of handling that surprises by its results. The most perfect example is perhaps *Apples and Pears* (295). The imitation here is positively astonishing. The Orleans plum is given in all its ripeness—touch it but roughly and the juice will surely be expressed. In *Flowers* (39) everything is life—the very laurel leaves whose glistening surfaces take such high lights. In *An Interior* (69) we cannot commend the poverty of arrangement of armour and drapery—which have fettered Mr. Hunt. Judging from the introduction of the individuality of human form in the background, this is intended to be a portrait. A very simple study of a girl in a kitchen is *Fat Asleep* (104). In *The Orphan* (112) Mr. Hunt plays the way; it is another study of a girl in a kitchen nursing a little black and white pig. No Dutchman ever rendered such an interior with more of the beauty of truth. *The Crown Imperial, &c.* (127), is, indeed, brilliant. Two studies of branches of *May* (225 and 285) are wonderful for their truth; and how the painter has, after the light, shadow and reflection of each distinct petal, contrived to get a mass of light and to give breadth to the whole it is worth studying this remarkable pair of drawings to see. The old story of Titian's bunch of grapes is here revived by Mr. Hunt; in almost every instance his own practice exemplifies the golden precept. *Cabbage Roses* (242) are, again, most faithful. Two studies by the same person are shown in *Candlelight Effect, A Girl at her Piano* (245), marvellously rendered—and *What shall I play?* (337), representing a girl with music in her hand turning round from the instrument to look at the spectator, in another view of the same interior with the same furniture and appointments—a daylight effect. These two give more refined versions of the female form than has been this artist's wont to portray. In *Grapes and Bird's-nest* (246) the execution of the flowers in the latter is most surprising. The same may be said of *Roses and Bird's-nest* (313):—the perfect imitation and execution of these things being to us the sole reasons reconciling us to such occupation of time. *An Interior* (276), containing a portrait, is more remarkable as a *fac-simile* of nature than interesting as an assemblage of objects. *A Soap and Water Bubble* (289), which a rustic boy blows with discarded cheeks, is not so forcible as many of the same kind exhibited by Mr. Hunt at former times, though it is more refined;—as is *The Sister's Pet*

(293), a good group of two girls, well arranged and painted with a delicacy rarely seen in his works. No one but Mr. Hunt would have thought of making a picture with such slender materials as those in *An Interior* (299). In an old stable, where the musty odour of every object can almost be discerned, an urchin is opening an old chest. It is lighted up so powerfully and rendered with such mastery that every object is made instinctive with meaning. The figure is capital—the head and hands painted with a calculation that proves the painter's science.

There are some capital examples of the power of Mr. W. C. Smith,—a name new to us, and we believe to the Society. In an excellent bird's-eye view of the *Town and Castle of Hastings, Sussex, from the East Hill* (8), the point is well chosen and novel, and the scene is rendered with much attention to atmospheric truth. *The View from Fairlight Downs, looking towards Beachy Head—Shower clearing off* (26) is equally conscientious: as is the *Tower of All Saints Church, Hastings* (102), illumined by brilliant sun-light. *Lobster Fishermen at Clovelly, Devon* (111) appears overdone in yellowish light. An excellent effect this artist has given to *Vessels in a brisk Gale at Spithead* (127)—the water in which is, however, a little too hard. *Wreck on the Longships, near the Land's End, Cornwall* (180), impresses with an idea of the horrors of the situation. Thoughts of paint and material vanish as we gaze—and the mind is given up to the contemplation of danger and distress. There is enough in all these drawings to show that Mr. Smith is an acquisition to the Society.

We will particularize some of the remaining features of this Exhibition in the order in which they occur in the Catalogue.—Mr. George Rosenberg has a very powerful study of *Small Birds* (14), and one of *Fruit* (62). A study of *Willows* (16), by Mr. Alfred Frapp, is fresh and free—and not mannered. One of Mr. Bentley's best is *Edinburgh from the Sea* (18)—the water in which is better than usual. Mr. Callow's *View of Ilfracombe from Capatone Hill, looking towards Hillsborough* (20), is highly creditable to his talents. The best of Mr. David Cox's drawings is *Going to the Hay-field* (32). A very remarkable study is that of the *Aurora Borealis, Western Isles* (63), by Mr. W. A. Nesfield—a powerfully coloured representation of that phenomenon. Mr. F. O. Finch's *Sea Beach, Sunset* (85) is worthy of notice.

Of several drawings here by Mr. Duncan the palm will certainly be ceded to *Fishing Smack and Vessels off the Nore Light—Squall coming on* (101). It is full of truth and beautiful feeling. His *Gillingham, on the Medway* (205), is not only greenish in look but certainly wanting in atmosphere. Mr. W. Callow's *Rathaus on the Platz at Lucerne* (130) is daylight-looking and truthful:—as is *The New-Münster, &c. Würzburg, Bavaria, during the Fair* (52). In the latter are some capital neutral shadows. Mr. G. Frapp's *View of Uphill Church, Somersetshire, looking towards Bridgewater Bay* (138), is especially worthy of notice: it is broadly and simply treated—is sober, and has the luminousness of ordinary daylight. Mr. G. Dodgson has contributed an *Interior of a Church—Evening* (152). The sun is made to pierce with his rays those "windows richly dight" with whose colours the different surfaces of column and wall are impinged. It is a powerful and solemn effect. Another drawing by Mr. G. Frapp, *The Valley of Desolation, Old Park, Bolton Abbey* (155), is in a bold and broad style—so is *Under the Cliffs, Dover* (158), of a different effect. *Eel-bucks on the Thames near Cookham* (163) is very bright. *On the Wharfe near Bolton Abbey* (167) is broad and rich. Mr. T. M. Richardson's *Village of St. Pierre, Great St. Bernard* (168), is a very able production. *The Ruins of a Monastery—Storm coming on* (175) is a striking effect by Mr. S. Palmer. Mr. T. M. Richardson's scene at *Luvono, Lago Maggiore* (176) is again powerful. A large and bold study is Mr. D. Cox's of *Trees in Sherwood Forest* (206). Mr. S. Palmer's *Mercury driving away the Cattle of Admetus* (217) is brilliant and almost Turner-ish in idea and in result. *Young Thornhill's Introduction to the Wakefield Family* (222) by Mr. J. M. Wright, is one of those excellent compositions which no one knows better how to produce than this artist; though he does not essay powerful combinations of colour or of light and shade—wanting in which much of the merit of such drawing and

composition is liable to be overlooked. *Early Morning in the Neighbourhood of Bath, looking towards the Wiltshire Downs* (227), by Mr. George Rosenberg, though but a tiny study, has the merit of fidelity to nature. *The Avon, near Clifton* (266), is another specimen of Mr. G. Frapp's excellence. *Christmas Morning* (277), by Mr. G. Dodgson, represents people going to church on a snowy morning, conversing with the clergyman on their route. It is well expressed:—as is Mr. Duncan's little gem (281), a subject from 'Il Penseroso.'—Clever also is the same artist's *Dartford Creek, Thames—Barge running up* (300)—though the sky is a little hard. —Mr. J. M. Wright's *Haymaking* (306) is another of his modest and clever designs.

A study by the late respected Secretary of this Society, Mr. John William Wright, is called *The Pleasing Reverie* (321). It is one of the best of the artist's later productions,—and well deserving of attention.—We must take our leave by pointing to Mr. Duncan's *Douglas Bay, Isle of Man—Gathering Seaweed after a Gale* (330) as an additional evidence of his capabilities.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The sixth and last meeting for the season of the Graphic Society was not so rich in contributions as many of its predecessors. Mr. Edward Cooke's portfolio of studies in oil colour on paper may be quoted as one of the leading attractions of the evening. They consist chiefly of views in Italy; some in Rome and its environs, others on the Neapolitan coast and different parts of the Mediterranean,—as Naples, Amalfi, Salerno, Castel-a-Mare, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Genoa, &c. All are remarkable for a Daguerreotype-like fidelity, and for delicacy of execution. Two large drawings by Mr. Cattemole, done some years since, show in their inferiority to others which the same artist is now exhibiting at the Old Water Colour Society, his great improvement. Mr. Thomas Landseer's print in mezzotint from his brother Edwin's portrait of the Hon. Mr. Ponsonby on his shooting pony, is another instance of how perfectly the brothers combine in such undertakings. The engraver understands the painter. The print is rendered with all the necessary attention to variety of surface and texture.—A study by Etty of three heads of children entitled itself to more consideration for a certain charm in the generalization of colour and harmony than for any perception of form in infantine beauty.—A portfolio by Mr. Oliver contained some very good water-colour studies at home and abroad.—A very charming collection of drawings, chiefly about Kent, were from the hands of Mrs. Phillips, the widow of the late Academician and Professor of Painting. As specimens of pencil drawing they engaged attention for their great beauty in the treatment of the material,—and bore testimony to the closeness of observation, fine taste, and ready hand of their authoress. How different were they in all these important respects from the dozens of splashes of water colour effects with which many return from an autumn's excursion! There were some capital studies of animals by Mr. James Ward, the octogenarian Academician. A drawing in Indian ink was attributed to W. Van de Velde. A mezzotint print, not finished, was shown of 'The Meeting of the Westminster Assembly of Divines—the Independents asserting Liberty of Conscience'—engraved by Mr. Bellow, from Mr. J. R. Herbert's picture,—of which it would not be fair to pronounce an opinion in its present state. Other matters of less importance it is unnecessary to comment on.

On Saturday last a private view was afforded of the great panoramic picture of Paris which has replaced the widely-known view of London in the dome of the Colosseum. It is painted by Mr. Danson, under the direction of Mr. William Bradwell—and covers 46,000 square feet. The city is seen beneath a serene moonlight sky—with here and there a star; and the long reaches of street are chained together by the golden links of lamplight. The way through the great labyrinth is readily traced by these threads of gold. Amid their illuminated network the various localities may be assigned by means of the masses of focal light which mark some of the more prominent sites and serve as guides to the rest. Like the picture which it succeeds, this is a marvellous effect of perspective. There has long

been no place of resort in this great metropolis offering so many attractions to the lovers of the picturesque as the Colosseum:—and this picture will add the charm of novelty, while taking no quality of interest from that which has been always its leading feature.

The *Art-Union* announces that proposals have been made to the Government by Mr. Moxhay, whose name is known in association with the Hall of Commerce in the City, to erect at his own cost a National Gallery on the south side and in the centre of Leicester Square—to have some sort of connexion says our authority [architectural?—if so, he may well call it a *gigantic* one] with the present Gallery. Mr. Moxhay's scheme assumes the latter to be appropriated wholly to the Royal Academy, with the exception of certain rooms to be set apart for the School of Design:—and his plans and estimates have, it is added, been submitted to the Trustees of the Gallery and also to the Woods and Forests. — Mr. Vernon, the same authority states, has generously offered to the Trustees to permit the pictures presented by him to the nation to be seen by the public at his house in Pall Mall—thus obviating the necessity for their provisional removal while their final place of deposit is preparing. Arrangements are said to be in progress for admitting visitors on two days of the week—cards to be issued for the purpose under the sanction of the Trustees: but as the number of persons desiring admission will probably be much greater than the rooms can accommodate, it will be absolutely necessary that those arrangements shall contemplate the admission of only a limited number at any one period.

In Paris, a report made by the Director of the National Museums has revealed the existence in the Louvre of a number of concealed repositories filled with objects of Art of various kinds thrown together in waste confusion. A commission has been appointed to examine these treasures.—A Commission of Reform, composed of artists, has been likewise instituted in the same capital to examine into the constitution and condition of the School of Fine Arts there and those of the Academy at Rome, and to propose measures for their improvement.

One of the very finest collections of Dutch pictures that have come under notice in the auction-room of late years was a series of twenty-six selected with the greatest judgment by the late M. Casimir Perrier,—which was sold at Messrs. Christie & Manson's on the 5th inst. We will enumerate them and their prices in the order in which they were lotted. A 'Stag Hunt,' by Berghem, very rich in colour, but teaboard-like in surface, sold for 267*l.* 7*s.* A characteristic *Both*, an 'Italian Landscape,' hot in colour but sweetly executed, sold to Mr. Farrer for 84*l.* 'Cavaliers Watering their Horses at the Door of a Country Inn,' by Cuyper, very luminous, the sky a little near and hard, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 194*l.* 5*s.* Another *Cuyper*, 'A River Scene in Holland,' of superb quality, with a charming sky, cool and fresh, against which the warm light of the sail of the boat is admirably relieved, fetched 178*l.* 10*s.* A very fine specimen of *Hobbema*, 'Les deux Mares,' exhibiting all the characteristics of the master,—a small picture—sold for 588*l.* 'An Interior,' by De Hooche, not of the highest quality, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 283*l.* 10*s.* 'An Interior,' by Van der Meer, known as 'La Péseuse de Perles,'—a woman dressed in a velvet corset, lined with fur, jewels at a table near a window,—is to an artist an excellent instance of how much may be effected in the sense of harmony by a judicious arrangement of cold colour; the highest lights—of yellowish tint—being the only portions of warm colour, and these confined to some touches on the skirts of the woman's dress and about the window curtain. The artist has exhibited a perfect control over his materials. It sold for 141*l.* 15*s.* Metz's 'Dutch Kitchen' is an exact contrast to the foregoing; being rich and made up of warm colour—showing that this artist had equal facility in the management of red tints in all their variety. These are rendered into successive gradation by the brilliancy of the red thrown into the sleeve of the waiting-woman—which thus serves as a focus to all the rest. Bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 252*l.* The *Van der Neer* 'Sunset on a River' is not one of the artist's

best—there being too great a predominance of brown colour. There is a fine bit of sky next the sun; but the picture would have been assisted by the presence of more cool colour in the sky and greener tints in the landscape. It sold for 189*l.* Ommeganck's elaborate 'Landscape' fetched 99*l.* 15*s.*; and 'L'Hôtel-lerie' of Paul Potter, a very fine and singular example, 451*l.* 10*s.* Rembrandt's 'Portrait of Himself' is not an extraordinary instance of the master, but realized 294*l.* Bought by the Marquis of Hertford. A delicious 'Water Mill,' by Ruysdael, an admirable and picturesque treatment,—one of those matters in which this artist stood alone—fetched 367*l.* 10*s.* One of Jan Steen's interpretations of a Scripture subject, 'Les Noces de Cana,'—a little picture without any of his coarseness, in costumes of his own day,—sold for 199*l.* 10*s.* The *Teniers*, 'Le Roi boit,' was a superb example touched with all the painter's mastery. The character and expression of the head of the principal figure—in the act of exhaling the tobacco smoke from his mouth previously to drinking out of the long beer glass which he holds in his hand—were admirable—powerful, yet without exaggeration or caricature. Sold for 136*l.* 12*s.* The *Terburg*, 'La Cousseuse,' a very elegant treatment—another instance of an arrangement almost entirely of cool colour, save in some details—fetched 325*l.* 10*s.*; and its companion, by the same artist,—of less interest as a subject, but full of details done in the perfection of minuteness—brought the enormous sum of 640*l.* 10*s.* It was certainly a beautiful study. Bought by the Marquis of Hertford. The 'Engagement between an English and a Dutch Fleet,' by W. Van de Velde—thin, flat, and wanting in colour and tone—brought only 168*l.* A larger picture by W. Van de Velde of 'A Calm' was an exquisite realization of a quiet, motionless and aerial effect. The sky is exquisite in tone. It sold for 575*l.* 10*s.* Wouvermans' 'Camp of Gypsies,' very rich in colour, much more so than usual, brought 220*l.* 10*s.* Another by the same, entitled 'Les Tables'—grey and feeble, and not an agreeable looking picture—was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 409*l.* 10*s.* A third by the same, known under the name of 'Le Défilé du Duc de Vendôme'—one of his elaborations, wanting in force, but full of the beauty of detail and finish so peculiar to him—brought 640*l.* 10*s.* The 'Landscape' by Wynants, with figures by Lingelbach—certainly one of his best but overwrought—produced 241*l.* 10*s.* Canaletti's 'View on the Grand Canal' had a fine quality of harmony and air. There was a genial warmth of tone throughout it—sharp in all its details, without the hardness and mannerism occasionally seen in this painter. It was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 115*l.* 10*s.* The companion picture by the same, 'A View of the Dogana and the Church of the Salute,' was more picturesque as far as the *matériel* of the combination was concerned—having foreground objects of building available in that sense. In quality of harmony it was inferior to the first named—it was however sold at the advanced price of 157*l.* 10*s.* The 'Portrait of Philip the Fourth in Armour,' attributed to Velasquez, is certainly a charming specimen of colour. It is one of those portraits comprehending so many of the qualities of other masters as to make it a task of no little difficulty to assign the authorship. If by Velasquez, then by those who have not seen the Escorial it may be considered one of the most richly-coloured pictures of the master. It bears, however, no mean resemblance to many a work of Vandeyke when that master wrought, during his residence in the South, under such influences as the pictures of Titian inspired—as more than one palace in Genoa can bear witness. The sale was an additional proof of the estimation in which the Dutch School is held by the rich of this country.

The collection of Sir Robert Gordon's pictures of the Italian School, which was sold at Christie's on Saturday last, gave no very high idea of the taste of the proprietor. His opportunities, it would be imagined, were frequent during long diplomatic residences on the Continent to form a gallery of a superior order. With few exceptions, his pictures, however, were of the average rank of such matters seen in our English mansions. The low prices which they fetched in most cases indicated the general estimation in which they were held. A so-called *Domenichino*, 'David with the Head of

Goliath' was sold to Lord Aberdeen for 284*l.* 'The Marriage of St. Catherine,'—from the Zampieri Gallery,—sweet in feeling of form and colour, graceful in action, refined in expression, and firm in handling, realized 99*l.* 15*s.* Lord Aberdeen purchased also Gaspar Poussin's 'View in the Apennines'—a fine composition and luminous in effect—for 441*l.* 2*s.*—'A Female Saint,' pressing her hand to her breast, grand and solemn in character and deputed in colour, fetched 331*l.* 12*s.* It was said to be by Giulio Romano. 'The Madonna comforted by Mary Magdalen,' attributed to Domenichino, in which one of the Marys with her light dishevelled hair had a very modern look, fetched only 37*l.* 16*s.* The attraction of the collection was the portrait of Cardinal Lorenzo Pucci, said to be by Raffaele, and as the catalogue informs us cited by Passavant as an undoubted work of that master. Every new inspection of it, however, confirms our doubts as to the learned German's accuracy of judgment. Mistakes are not uncommon amongst the Italians in the attribution of pictures to Raffaele; of which no more striking instance need be adduced than that of one of the most conspicuous and attractive objects in the tribune at Florence, the *Fornarina*—by many ascribed also to Sebastian del Piombo. The Italians are not critical; but that a learned and inquiring German should be thus misled in a case where there is so little resemblance to the portraits by the divine master, we cannot understand. To us a Lombard character is here visibly predominant;—while many consider it of Parmese origin, and to be by either a scholar or an imitator of Correggio. The picture is too well known to need description here. It was knocked down at 1,000 guineas—but not, we believe, sold. It is a noble head with grand action, painted in a fine style. Exquisite sensibility is portrayed in the features; the expression is high and intellectual,—the execution of a pure and spiritualized class. It was of an order to entitle it to a place in our national collection; where as a corrective to the false and vicious tastes that infect our rising portrait-painters it would have been of value—supplying them with an example in which to study manly and dignified bearing expressed without effort or conceit.

Some good pictures by Mr. Linnell were sold a few days previously in a very poor miscellaneous collection made by Mr. Ralph Thomas. 'The Cottage Door' (a charming Gainsborough-like specimen of the master) brought 205 guineas; 'The Dairy Farm-yard,' 181 guineas; 'Fishing Boats at Hastings,' 136*l.* 10*s.*; 'Children in a Tree,' 105*l.*; 'Scene in Windsor Forest,' 99*l.* 5*s.*; 'Sheep at a Gate,' 84*l.*; 'Kennet Bridge,' 84*l.*; 'Haymaking,' 81*l.* 18*s.*; 'Farm-yard, White Cow,' 78*l.* 15*s.*; and 'Hamstead,' 70*l.* The remainder of the collection was a miserable sweeping of studios and auction-rooms.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 10th, will be performed *Roméo's Opera*, 'LA DONNA DEL LAGO.' *Elena*, Madame Grisi; *Milcolin*, Mdlle. Albani; *Alban*, Madame Bellini; *Giorgio*, F. Signor Mario; *Douglas*, Signor Marini; *Rodrigo*, Signor Tamburini; *Don*, Signor Lavia. The Grand Finale of the First Act, representing the Gathering of the Clans, will be executed by Two Military Bands, in addition to the usual Orchestra; the Music of the *Chief* being performed by Signor Tagliabue; Signor Polonini, Signor Soldi, Signor Luigi Mel, Signor Corradi-Setti, and Signor Mario. Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor, Mr. Costa. After which will be produced (for the first time) an entire *Opéra Ballet Divertissement*, entitled 'SIRIENE, OU LES SENS,' the principal characters by Mdlle. Bruni, Mdlle. Henry, Mdlle. O'Bryan, Mdlle. Langher, Madame Celeste Stephan, and Mdlle. Melina Marquet; M. Paine, M. O'Bryan, and M. Gontier. The Ballet arranged by M. Appiani. The Music by Signor Bellini. Leader of the Ballet, Mr. A. Nelson. Recitateur de la Danse, M. O'Bryan. The Appointments by Mr. Blamire. The Costumes by Madame Marzio and Mrs. E. Bailey, and the Scenery by Messrs. Griere and Telbin.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT, NEXT THURSDAY.

'Lucresia Borgia.'

A Grand Extra Night will be given on THURSDAY NEXT, May 10th, on which occasion will be performed, for the first time, the *Opéra-Série*, 'LUCRESIA BORGIA.' *Lucresia Borgia*, Madame Grisi; *Maffio Orsini*, Mdlle. Albani; *Alfonso*, Signor Tamburini; *Don Apostolo Geronzi*, Signor Marini; *Kustighallo*, Signor Lavia; *Accanto Petrucci*, Signor Volante; *Betta*, Signor Tagliabue; and *Genaro*, Signor Mario.

After which will be given the Last Act of 'LA SONNAMBULA' *Amia*, Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia.

To conclude with, for the Second Time, the New Ballet Divertissement entitled 'SIRIENE, OU LES SENS.'

Admission to the Pit, 8*s.*; to the New Amphitheatre, 5*s.* to the Amphitheatre Stalls, 5*s.*

The Performances will commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, (for the Night or Season) to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

For the future, the Box-office will remain Open till Half-past Five o'clock.

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first *cavatina* was beautifully graced; her recitatives were said with admirable and true feeling. In the last scene while her *sostenuto* in 'Ah! non credea' had not the mournful fascination which Mdlle. Lind imparts to it, it was still sound and excellent: but her display of impassioned brilliancy in the *rondo* distanced the Swedish lady—the Persiani (whose embroideries we have hitherto considered unapproachable)—nay, even, so far as we can recollect, Madame Malibran herself. For the most part, expressive singers are apt to separate their passages of feeling from those of execution, conceiving that a *roulade* is merely a *roulade*, and nothing more, to be got through correctly, as a means *ad captandum*. In the *rondo* as given by Madame Viardot, we did not think of her *arpeggi*—nor of her groups of climbing notes, by which she varied the theme on repeating it,—nor of her shake at the close, so much as of the soul of rapturous delight thrown by her into the *bravura*: for this, far more than the amazing technical skill displayed, carried the house by storm.

We must, now, speak of the actress, and can best do so by comparison. Madame Viardot's *Amina* is less gipsy-like than her sister's—less sentimentally and more strictly peasant-like than Mdlle. Lind's. Her by-play was charming, without being overdone or eccentric; her sleep the *deadest* sleep we ever saw simulated on the stage, and as such giving to her two scenes of somnambulism a certain ghostly air, which was, perhaps, more impressive than pleasing. Her bewilderment and distress, too, in the chamber scene, were piteously natural, without that touch of fever, not to say fierceness, which always impaired our pleasure in her sister's personation. She was seriously hampered, however, by the circumstances which had prevented any sufficient dramatic rehearsal of the *finale*.

In the above we have purposely understated, rather than exaggerated, our impressions of Madame Viardot. That she is an acquisition to Opera of the very highest order, no child in music could for a second doubt: and it is hardly possible that in any future opera, or on any future occasion can she be seen under such trying circumstances as on Tuesday; since, as though Chance had determined to test her power of self-dependence to the very uttermost, Signor Mario was suddenly disabled by illness, and Signor Salvi continuing, it would seem, to act on the declining system, the part of *Elcino* fell to Signor Flavio. This gentleman, by odd coincidence, has not been heard in London since the season of 1841, when he sang the *Argirio* to Mdlle. Garcia's *Tancredi* [Ath. No. 700]. The manner in which the Signor performed his duties justifies us in ranking him above the Fraschinis, Labocettas, Cuzzanis, Meis, *et id genus omne*, though below the Marios and Reeves's, who really command the public. But he must be cured, if possible, of his tendency to sing *lento*—the cardinal fault of a second-rate school and second-rate theatres.

On Thursday evening 'Le Nozze' was given with the cast of last year. The subscribers are to be pitted who prefer handing over this music to the general public.

HAYMARKET.—To supply the place, as it would seem, of the prohibited 'Lola Montes,' the manager has imported from the Lyceum Mr. A. Reach's farce of 'Jenny Lind,'—Mrs. Keeley performing her original character. It was preceded by Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of 'Wives as they were and Maids as they are,' in which Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Farren acted with their usual talent. The latter was singularly effective.

OLYMPIC.—On Wednesday, the play of 'The Iron Chest' was revived, with Mr. George Bennett as *Sir Edward Mortimer*. The performance was highly creditable to the actor; whose well-known force of style, though occasionally too broad, brought out the more passionate parts of the character with marked effect.

ST. JAMES'S.—Should any of our readers be still unacquainted with the "conjurations" and "the mighty magic" of Robert Houdin—"Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes"—we would advise them at once to amend the omission. Certainly, his tricks and transformations are wonderful; and, at the same time appeal to something higher than the mere sentiment of wonder. To be chief in any department

of human effort is a point of ambition—and amongst conjurors Robert Houdin unquestionably bears away the palm. As a professor of the dark art—or the *light* one, according to the humour of the perplexed spectator—we have seen no one to rival him. He beats the mesmerists, clairvoyants, aerialists, and all other scientific innovators, hollow; and in his particular art, after him, anything may be believed—or doubted. He defies the gravity of the earth equally with the gravity of his audience. To us, many of his performances are far more mysterious than anything that we have seen at scientific *soirées*. How that wonderful bottle—out of which flow as many kinds of wines and liqueurs as the fertility of the audience can suggest—should continue to pour out dozens upon dozens of glass-fulls—each individual's taste being instantly gratified out of the self-same flask—science must fail to explain. It is clear that Mr. Houdin can "call spirits from a vasty deep" within the apparently narrow limits of this narrow bottle. The drinkers begin to grow unsteady under the conviction that "there's magic in't." George Cruikshank had better look to it:—his 'Bottle' has found a rival. What is the secret of that clock and pendulum worn upon the sleeve? We have seen most of the mechanical wonders of the day—machines which could make machines, for example; but we never before saw instruments endowed with so much of seeming volition, intelligence, and obedience as M. Houdin's appear to be. His powers would have made him a mighty priest in Egypt, a god in Greece, a wizard in the middle ages. Alas, if the age of chivalry be gone—so is the age of easy faith. Men seek the subterfuge now where our fathers would have seen a truth. The mind now resists where the sense is certain—and is amused rather than awed at results to which it cannot trace the process.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—After eight years of existence the *Musical Antiquarian Society* is winding up its concerns and announcing its close. No more publications will be undertaken, and when those now in progress shall have been issued such surplus as may remain is to be handed over to the *Royal Society of Musicians*. This circumstance is not one calling for lively regret; at least amongst such as, like ourselves, conceive the limits hitherto reached by English music to be very narrow. Generally, indeed, it may be remarked that the enthusiasm of antiquarianism has always in Music proved itself singularly short-lived and capriciously diffused,—let the school be what it may. The pedantries of that taste for indiscriminate revival of the ancients which was in its freshest force when the Society was organized, were sure to reach the Art; but we have no evidence of their ever having been kindly accepted by the general public. For, setting aside extraneous influences (as, for instance, when the chord of a chaunt is made a Church matter just as much as the cut of a chasuble), it may be asserted that that which is strange, dull and unpleasing in Music can never be brought into extended currency merely because it belongs to such an epoch or to such another century. In the connoisseurship of an art at once so vague in its means of appeal, and to the value of which immediate effect is so necessary, there is comparatively little practical employment for those more recondite studies, involving comparison, meditation, historical sequence, &c. &c. without which the amateur of Painting (who can wait and linger in his gallery of specimens) is at once unstructured and incapable of the highest pleasure. Interesting though it be to read Music, experience is opposed to the delicious lines of Keats:—

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter:—

while that which in performance is found profoundly wearisome or oppressively monotonous will never for any length of time retain a congregation. Further, we may again call attention to the fact remarked last week, that the musicians have never shown among themselves that abstract love of, implicit reverence for, and historical curiosity regarding their art which goes to the maintenance of archaeology and to the publication of ancient documents merely for the sake of their preservation. Thus, for any living interest or real significance which it possessed, we have for some years felt that the defect

Society need not exist. We cannot suppose that the *Handel Society*, a body curious in the amount of its mismanagement, will come to the end of its proposed labours. And since the question is one of health and disease, we cannot but ask whether the *Mozart Society* still keeps life and soul together? That there is a club-publication a principle eminently applicable to Music we have again and again pointed out. But it has not yet been sagaciously applied:—and meanwhile (as often happens in England where bodies corporate are either singularly inert or fractionally and factiously at variance) private enterprise seems taking the matter into its own hands.

We omitted last week to record the recent death of the sister of Madame Vestris, Mrs. Anderson, who in her married and her maiden days, as Miss Bartolozzi, was for some years known as a promising and pleasing singing actress.

We have to record, too, the death of Mr. Thomas Archer on the 3rd instant—an actor whose performances of late at the Olympic sadly testified to the decline of his health. More than once we have had to record his utter failure of articulation. His last appearance was in *Collatinus*, in Howard Payne's tragedy of 'Brutus,' on the 13th of last month. Mr. Archer was, some twenty years ago, esteemed a good actor—and had certainly qualifications of voice and figure calculated to make him a fine one. His want of economy defeated the gifts of nature—and for a long period he was about the most uncertain of the *employés* on the modern stage. He was a melodramatic author; having written and translated from the French several pieces for the minor theatres.

Great preparations are being made for the two performances at the Haymarket Theatre in aid of the Fund for the endowment of Shakespeare's house. The characters in the 'Merry Wives,' we may add, will be dressed in the costume of the age of Henry IV.—quite a novelty in stage attire; not, as hitherto, in that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If Falstaff lived at all—and he seems so real a character that we might look for his name in the 'Biographia Britannica'—he must have lived in the reign of Henry IV. The play was mounted in the costume of the days of Elizabeth in accordance with the old story, long current and still believed, that the comedy was written at the express desire of Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps, however, our more intimate knowledge of the dress of the 16th century compared with what we knew of the 14th had a good deal to do with the adoption of the costume. Now we know better,—thanks to Mr. Shaw, Mr. Albert Way and others; and it is no difficult matter in these days to dress a play in the costume of the age of Henry IV.—While on the subject of these approaching performances, let us mention that the curatorship of the house will no doubt be given to Mr. Sheridan Knowles: the London Committee observing in their resolution about the performances, "that as far as they can pledge themselves at present it is their decided wish that Mr. Sheridan Knowles should be the gentleman recommended to the government as guardian of the house when the purchase-money has been obtained and the House and any surplus money made over to Her Majesty, as recommended by the solicitors of the Woods and Forests."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—H. S. G.—M. P.—Another Contending Reader.—LAON.—J. B.—D. L.—F. S. A.—The Writer on the alleged Portrait of Prince Charles, by Velasquez—G. R.—received.

G. R.—In our notice last week of the Architectural Drawings at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, mention was made of one of the 'Stoke Railway Station' said to be "erecting from the design and under the superintendence of Mr. R. A. Stent." The name should have been, this correspondent informs us, H. A. Hunt;—but the mistake is ours. It is that of the Catalogue—and is, we are informed, corrected in the new edition.

We have received from the author of 'A Book for the Public,' noticed by us last week, (p. 455), a courteous letter in which he urges us to state that the "pleas for mercy" which we charge him with having insinuated into his argument were not put forward for himself. As he writes, we will let him make the denial in his own words.—"In a lot of that work, I took care to disclaim any application of the digression I was there making to myself personally; whilst stating that I felt it a duty to make it for the welfare of those who have not the means to resort—as I was then doing—to publication. To put it forward for the purpose of gaining any allowance of 'mercy' for myself I should have considered ridiculous and absurd—ridiculous, as a thing must at once have stood exposed to detection as a thing attempted to mask a selfish purpose under a pretension to higher motives—and absurd, because to invite public judgment and deprecate criticism were childish in the extreme."

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